

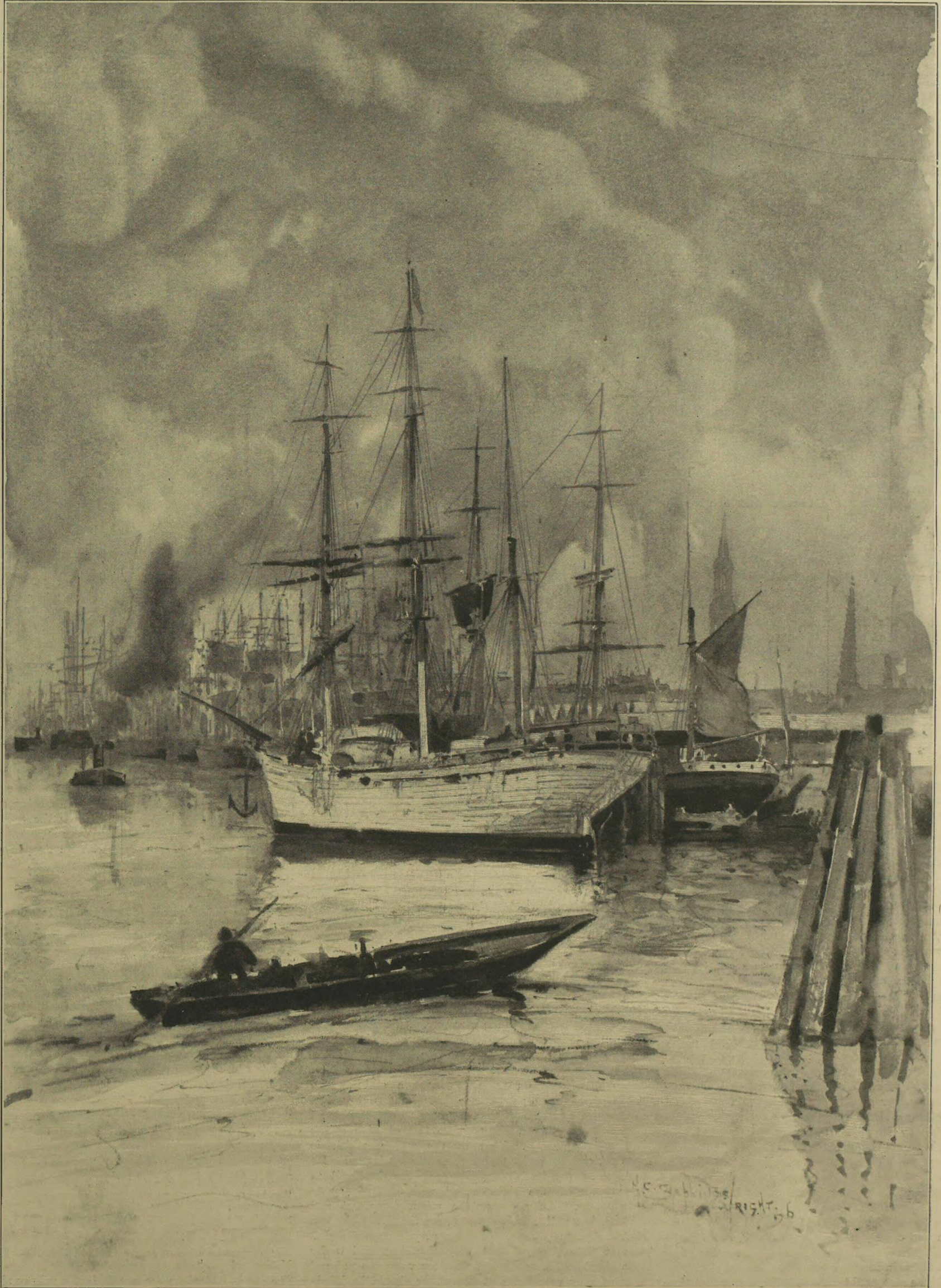
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.
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THE HAMBURG DOCK STRIKE: AN IDLE PORT.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

How dreadful it must be to earn a prize and find that it has gone to the wrong man! Yet if one is to believe the complaints of one's fellow-creatures, it often happens. I have known even schoolboys bewail it, though they seldom deserve anything but a whipping. No Minister has bestowed a bishopric, no Bishop has given a living, no Rector has appointed a parish clerk, without this mistake being made in somebody's view. What seems curious, the person who has been successful can never be persuaded that there has been a failure of justice. Matters are not a bit better managed in France. At Meudon, near Paris, there lived an excellent widow named Pasdenomme, who passed her life in doing good, especially to poor children. Strange to say, her neighbours acknowledged it, and in course of time the report of her goodness reached the ears of the Academy. They wrote to her to say that they had resolved to give her the Monthyon prize, and bade her come to Paris to receive it. Virtue is not its own reward in France, or rather, in addition, she who is most distinguished for it receives five hundred francs, a medal, and a diploma framed and glazed to hang up over her mantelpiece instead of the looking-glass which her absence of vanity renders superfluous. Unhappily, in Meudon there was another Widow Pasdenomme, by no means so virtuous, to whom the letter was addressed in error. She was pleased but not surprised; some of the phrases seemed a little eulogistic, but that was, doubtless, Academical politeness—"pretty Fanny's way." How noble it was of her, they said, "to have thought of educating and supporting ten motherless children at her own expense!" Well, she didn't exactly remember the number, but she had often thought of it, or at least of something like it, for she had had many good resolutions at one time or another, but especially in her cups; for Widow Pasdenomme No. 2 drank. There could be no doubt that she deserved all that might be given her. So putting on her soberest gown (for her taste in dress was gaudy) she went to Paris and received the prize, accompanied, no doubt, by much classical eulogium. Then she returned to Meudon and "painted it red"; in other words, the five hundred francs were spent in brandy, and she got into trouble from the effects of it. That was how Widow Pasdenomme No. 1 first came to hear of it. The Academy are naturally much distressed, but the mischief has been done. They have subscribed among them another five hundred francs for her, but the medal still hangs round the wrong neck, and the certificate adorns the wrong mantelpiece.

To persons beyond middle age the recent ecclesiastical case respecting preaching in a black gown sounds very curious. In my early youth almost every clergyman did so. It was thought "Papistical" to wear a white one; and so far from surpliceage being no error, it was considered a very grave one. When the controversy about the "Geneva" gown began, Hood, or, as has been recently asserted, one Dr. Willis, wrote some capital lines upon it—

For me, I neither know nor care
Whether the clergy choose to wear
A black dress or a white dress,
Filled with a trouble of my own—
A wife who preaches in her gown
And lectures in her night-dress!

These verses had the distinction of being among the very first to be sent to a magazine by someone who had not written them: this has since become a common literary swindle, but at the time it made quite a sensation. Our great reformers did not much disturb themselves about gowns and such matters, and when Luther was asked his opinion, he replied that if a man found his preaching the better for it, he might wear half a dozen.

The attire of the clergy, unless when they are officiating, when some of them have gorgeous vestments, has become very grave and sober; indeed, I remember a youth at the University, who had a family living waiting for him, bitterly complaining that his taste in colours, on which he prided himself, would be absolutely thrown away. In old times this was not the case, as we may read from the descriptions of the dress of the "fast" clergy in "Ivanhoe" and the "Canterbury Tales." They ignored the tonsure, and let their hair grow long, like artists; they wore embroidered purses hanging from costly girdles; their shoes, long and pointed, were of various colours; and they even had "ornamental cruppers to their saddles," a sort of crack cavalry clergy. The Nonconformists have never gone in for sweldom in attire, and least of all those whom we may call the outsiders. Huntington, S.S. ("we clergy," he said, "are very proud of titles of honour, but I am content with Saved Sinner"), tells us that "he wore out his leather breeches in riding about to preach the Word," and how, being too poor to buy another pair, he made special intercession for them: it is a curious revelation of ignorant fanaticism. "I often made free in my prayers for this favour, but in vain, till when I came to London and called on Mr. Croucher, where I found a parcel waiting for me. I opened it, and behold, there they were, with a note in them. I tried them on, and they fitted as if I had been measured for them." This, however, does not astonish him when he reflects that Aaron and his

sons had been attired entirely by Providence, "who also knows my own size, having clothed me in a miraculous manner for near five years."

A recent account of an eminent person's boyhood suggests the question, Where do biographers begin to write fiction? Where they end is, of course, beyond mortal ken. As a rule, I suppose eminent men do not begin to be virtuous at a very early age. They inherit, of course, the intelligence of their mothers—that seems to be established—but do they not inherit anything from their fathers, except his property? And if so, do they not occasionally do something wrong? Do they *always* say the edifying things that are put into their mouths, and behave in the self-sacrificing manner represented? I can only say, as the contemporary of several eminent persons, that when we were boys together I don't remember them to have been any better than myself. If a chapter headed "Crimes He Committed" were put into every biography of a great man's boyhood, it would make it more veracious, and also much more attractive; one resents these portraits of perfect young people. In an autobiography such omissions are not so glaring: we say to ourselves, "This is a little too steep; if we don't confess *something* all sorts of things will be suspected"; so we tell half, or perhaps a quarter, of our little weaknesses. Tennyson was singularly bold; or perhaps, as he told it in verse, he flattered himself his confession would be supposed to be imaginary, else the story of his stealing, or helping to steal, that sow at school, and hauling it up to the roof till it littered, and then roasting the little pigs, is rather serious. It is far worse than Charles Lamb's behaviour in appropriating the sucking pig that was meant for somebody else on the ground that he liked it so much, and because "One must stop somewhere."

I remember an eminent lawyer telling me a dreadful story of how he and a certain Lord Chief Justice of England, fifty years ago and more, once stole a horse together. Aubrey tells us that Chief Justice Popham in his youth took purses on the road, and was afterwards (like all pervers) very severe upon highwaymen. In the record of my own (almost) blameless life, I recollect having been confederate with a now eminent person in an act which I thought at the time was no less than petty treason. I went with him from Eton into Windsor Park, and he killed a pheasant sitting on a tree with a stone, at throwing which with accuracy he was a second David. Never shall I forget my feelings as we passed through the porter's gate with that deceased bird. People talk of the difficulty of concealing a murdered body, but what is that compared with the hiding a cock pheasant in the pocket of an Eton jacket? It was a very unpleasant quarter of a minute, though the remembrance of it did not destroy our appetite that night when we had the bird for supper. I have a dim recollection of a piece of mischief committed by the Marquis of Wellesley and a school-fellow, which I suppose was, for a wonder, in the biography of that respectable statesman. They went to stay with some relative of his, and by way of a joke, he confided to her that his sister had run off with the footman, "Though, thank goodness, nobody knows about it, and you must keep it a dead secret." She went out to call upon a friend the same afternoon, and told the boys on her return that, unhappily, Lady So-and-So had already heard all about it.

In illustration of the views of "change" among the North American Indians, alluded to in a recent "Note," a New Zealand correspondent sends me the following: "I was once endeavouring to explain to an intelligent old Maori the many benefits the natives had derived from civilisation and the advent of the English. He listened courteously and attentively, and then replied: 'I have heard all you say, now pray listen to me. When in former years I tattooed the young son of a chieftain I was feasted on a young and tender baby; but now when I perform the same operation, bah! they serve me up a pig!' It is as impossible to convey the contemptuous accent he put upon the word 'pig' as it was to refute his argument."

Those who object to tips to waiters should read what happened the other day at a club (not in Pall Mall, one is glad to say) where not only, it seems, are waiters not remunerated, but are sometimes left to pay for the liquid refreshments supplied to the members. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that one poor waiter in a single night found himself responsible for eleven shillings. There is a story of the old Trafalgar at Greenwich where a waiter was made to incur a still heavier liability. Six young gentlemen from London, to whom expense (as it turned out) was literally no object, ordered a magnificent dinner. They were full of high spirits and yet extremely affable to the waiter, which is not always the case under those circumstances. He took them (as he afterwards told the landlord) to be "gents of the right sort," with a tendency to sportiveness. After dinner the mirth grew fast and furious, but still nothing was broken, and the bill was sent for in due course. It was a very large one, and it was at first proposed that they should draw lots for who should discharge it, but that was voted too "slow." It was finally proposed that the waiter should be blindfolded, and that the man he caught should pay for the lot,

while the waiter should have a sovereign for his trouble. This was received with a storm of approbation. Tables and chairs were everywhere pushed aside, and the game began. The waiter, blindfolded with his own napkin, did his best, but the others were very nimble and wary, and—what was very creditable to them, considering the wine they had drunk—perfectly silent. He could catch hold of none of them for ever so long, and at last, quite tired out, he said he would play no longer, and took off his bandage, when he found himself quite alone. They had all slipped out of the room one after the other, and he had been playing by himself at that exciting game for half an hour. The bill was for eighteen pounds, and the poor fellow had but the promise of a sovereign wherewith to settle it.

When Mr. Bret Harte is on his native heath, that is, in the Wild West, we are always glad to meet him. It was a great feat of his to enlist our sympathy for the gamblers and desperadoes he first introduced to us, but having once succeeded he has retained it. It was a little difficult to believe that the gentlemen of the camps, who when they rode into town discharged their revolvers at random "into the brown" of inoffensive strangers, when there was nobody particular to pick a quarrel with, could be moved to tears at the sight of a baby; from analogy you would have argued that they would have eaten it, like the soldiers of Colonel Kirke or the members of the Doone family. When Andersen told us his tales of childhood, there were unsentimental persons who winked the eye and shot out the tongue. I remember a well-known writer even ridiculing one of them in a piece after the master's manner; its peroration ran—"But lo, in the morning, the foot of the peasant had trodden on the flower that the child had planted on its mother's uncle's grave." But Mr. Bret Harte's heroes were respected by the parodist as though they could have used their Derringers upon him. We have somehow taken to these tender-hearted ruffians, and half believe that we believe in them. In the American newspapers we read of their doing things inconsistent with their more touching attributes; lynching people (sometimes the wrong ones) by methods "too horrible for publication," for example, but it is so far away (though, unhappily, not so long ago) that we hope it is not true. Their devotion to women and affection for young children is still an article of our faith; if it is an illusion we stick to it, and so does Mr. Bret Harte.

It is, perhaps, the easier for him to do so since he is understood to live in England, where his clients are not under his personal observation; so that he draws upon the memories of youth, which are notoriously rose-coloured. At all events, in his latest volume, "Barker's Luck," his bad characters are as good as ever, and so is he. Indeed, he has never written a more touching and humorous story than "The Mother of Five," in which all his old peculiarities reappear—

She was a mother—and a rather exemplary one—of five children, although her own age was barely nine. Two of these children were twins, and she generally alluded to them as Mr. Amplatz's children, referring to an exceedingly respectable gentleman in the next settlement, who, I have reason to believe, had never set eyes on her or them. The twins were quite naturally alike—having been in a previous state of existence two ninepins—and were still somewhat vague and inchoate below their low shoulders in their long clothes, but were also firm and globular about the head, and there were not wanting those who professed to see in this an unmistakable resemblance to their reputed father.

Mary had three other children, also dolls—Misery, Gloriana, and Johnny Dear. Careful as she was of them, she was not more so than "the chivalry, the deep tenderness, the delicacy and unselfishness of the rude men around her" caused them to be: there being no baby about, their great hearts melted over the dolls. Jim Carter, the teamster, tramples into a saloon after a five-mile walk through a snow-drift with an Amplatz twin in his pocket that had been lost by its mamma. The road-manager of the new line rescues another, and keeps it in his drawer for her—

"She's doing remarkably well in spite of the trying weather, but I have had to keep her very quiet," said the manager, regarding the ninepin critically.

"Ess," said Mary quickly. "It's just the same with Johnny Dear; his cough is frightful at nights. But Misery's all right. I've just been to see her."

"There's a good deal of scarlet fever around," continued the manager with quiet concern, "and we can't be too careful. But I shall take her for a little run down the line to-morrow."

When at eleven or so Mary goes to school, the neighbours promise to take care of her children for her. She is away for years, and forgetting that she has grown past the doll-loving age, they go to the station to meet her with her dolls in their pockets—

Nothing could be prettier than the smile on the cheeks that were no longer sunburnt; nothing could be clearer than the blue eyes lifted frankly to theirs. And yet, as she gracefully turned away with her father, the faces of the four adopted parents were found to be as red and embarrassed as her own on the day that Yuba Bill drove up publicly with Johnny Dear on the box-seat.

"You weren't such a fool," said Montgomery to Roper, "as to bring Misery here with you?"

"I was," said Roper with a constrained laugh; "and you?" He had just caught sight of the head of a ninepin peeping from the manager's pocket. The man laughed, and then the four turned silently away.

"Mary" had, indeed, come back to them, but not "The Mother of Five!"

The story—and there are others in the volume almost as good—is a charming combination of humour and fancy.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DOCK STRIKE AT HAMBURG.

The writers of anti-English articles in some German newspapers, who imagined that merchants and shipowners in England had instigated the stoppage of work at the Hamburg docks for the purpose of injuring the traffic carried on at the great commercial port on the Elbe, must have been ignorant though ingenious commentators upon the mercantile interests of North-Western Europe. It is obvious that any temporary gain from the diversion of sea-borne trade away from Hamburg would be more likely to go to Bremen, or to the Baltic ports now rendered accessible by the Kiel Ship Canal, or even to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, than to London, since the time is past when American, East Indian, Chinese, and other maritime commerce with Germany used to make London or Liverpool its intermediate dépôt. In point of fact, the present hindrance to shipping business at Hamburg is a serious nuisance and loss to many people in our trading and manufacturing community,

the fabric being swept with fatal force both against the new Electric Station and, with serious though less calamitous effect, against the West Pier. The damage to the latter is estimated at £2000, the pier having been completely severed and the newly finished baths at its southern end utterly demolished. When the West Pier was cleft in half there were a number of people at its further end observing the storm, who were completely cut off from shore. There was some thought of rescuing them by rocket, but it was found that they were not in serious jeopardy, so they were allowed to remain until the receding of the tide made the use of ladders feasible. Truly it was a curious freak of fate that the old Chain Pier, so hospitable throughout its long existence, should find its end in dealing disaster around it. But recently it was condemned as unsafe and closed to the public—but how unsafe it was no one surmised.

THE FEAR OF FAMINE IN INDIA

A prolonged drought, from some aberration in the course of the ordinary monsoon winds that should bring rain to India at the season for maturing the grain crops in the latter months of the year, causes much distress by scarcity

hill station and cantonment of Kasauli, which overlooks the Kalka Valley, one of the less affected districts at present suffering from the drought.

THE STORM AT ATHENS.

The effects of the terrible thunderstorm which burst over Athens and the Piræus on Nov. 26 have proved even more disastrous than was at first surmised, but the archaeologist, at least, will rejoice that the ancient glories of the Greek capital were spared, and that, if the havoc was to be made at all, it has been made of such modern products as railways, gas-works, and telegraph offices. Still, the loss of life was very grievous, and the sufferings entailed on the poorer class of Athenians in the low-lying districts which suffered the most from the flood cannot easily be allayed, for the damage done to several large factories and many workshops of all kinds has thrown great numbers out of employment. The river Ilissos, which is practically dry for much of the year, rose more than twenty feet after several hours' fierce downpour of rain, and inundated the whole suburbs along its banks, carrying



WRECK OF THE CHAIN PIER AT BRIGHTON: THE PIER IN ITS LAST DAYS.

From a Photograph by Donovan, Brighton, taken just before the Storm.

who would be the last persons in the world to have sent Mr. Tom Mann, or any other champion of the Labour agitation, to invoke a combined strike of dockmen, quaymen, bargemen, carmen, porters, lumpers, and riverside labourers on the banks of the Elbe. Hitherto, it appears, the Hamburg strike, though locally important, has been a small affair compared with the famous contest of a similar character some years ago on the banks of the Thames; and German police authority, exercised with assured reliance upon military support in case of need, prevents any attempted outrage or damage to persons and property. The aspect of the docks and quays, however, during the enforced cessation of their industry, seems deplorable in the scene represented by our Illustration, and we hope the strike will soon be at an end.

WRECK OF THE BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.

It was but last week that we recorded the opening, to a fine flourish of trumpets, of the new Electric Railway between Brighton and Rottingdean, and now the handsome station of the new line is a ruin and its elaborately fashioned car a wreck. But this was not the only havoc wrought at Brighton by the great gale which raged along the south and east coasts during the night of Friday, Dec. 4, and through the small hours of the next day. For the famous Chain Pier, almost historic in its associations, was washed away, and its wreckage transformed by the violence of the waves into an instrument of disaster, great fragments of

of food in the markets among so vast a population, whether or not it be destined to come to actual famine. Such is the present condition of affairs in the Punjab and the North-West Provinces, and so far eastward as Behar, with an increasing dearth which is severely felt by the poorer classes of natives, and which has driven two or three hundred thousand of them to seek relief from Government. In the Central Provinces, in the Native State of Hyderabad, and in the adjacent part of the Madras Presidency, as well as in the Deccan south of Bombay, fears of a similar calamity have prevailed during many weeks past, but within the last few days there have been rains falling in those districts, which promise tolerably good winter crops, and the prices of every sort of grain have declined. We may still hope for the speedy deliverance, by a like merciful visitation of nature, in North-Western India, the Punjab, and the districts under administration of the Government at Calcutta, but it was in October and November that the rain should have arrived to render its usual benefit to those territories. A slight and brief pressure of real scarcity, which is, perhaps, aggravated by grain-dealers taking advantage of the panic, and speculating on higher gains for their hoarded stock when the dread of famine should have been excited to the utmost, suffices to impoverish great numbers of people, and has a demoralising effect on their minds. The peasantry crowd into the towns, and the hill stations which do not suffer as the plains do are also put to much difficulty by the distressed populace which seeks their aid. Our Illustration is a view of the

five bridges completely away. The suburb of Kolokynthos was inundated by the Kephissos, and even the unfortunate Armenian refugees at Kolonos were flooded out of their extemporised home.

THE WHITE HORSE, FETTER LANE.

A coaching inn which once bore itself with the best of its fellows, the White Horse in Fetter Lane, will soon be numbered no more among surviving landmarks of the London that was severed by country lanes from such rural villages as Knightsbridge or Islington, and the London to which the coaching tavern stood in the stead of the vast railway terminus of to-day. The White Horse, now shortly to be pulled down in order that its valuable site may be used to more advantage, was a well-known hostelry early in the eighteenth century, and by the middle of the century was the resort of the Oxford and West of England coaches. Until the railway ousted the old-world coach from its supremacy, the White Horse continued to be a tavern of note, and is mentioned in many of the memoirs of the generation that flourished when the century was younger. But now, alas, for some years the pride of the old hostel has been gone. Only its name, altered to White Horse Chambers, and its main fabric have been left to it, and the rooms once frequented by wit and fashion have been portioned out as dingy lodgings. Perhaps it is as well that it should pass away altogether, having fallen so far from its former estate.

THE TURNSTONE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Your turnstone is a true cosmopolitan. There are few countries of the world on whose coasts he is not to be found at one time or another. But his tastes are curiously perverted; he prefers the seaside in winter to summer, and is only to be seen on our British shores in very early spring or very late autumn. The fact of it is, he is that chilly thing, a winter migrant. Now, everybody notices that certain conspicuous birds come back to us every summer; but only outdoor observant naturalists are aware how large a number of northern species seek the shelter of our isles in winter, just at the moment when the swallows and martins are gathering to leave us. The turnstone is one of these; he is by family a plover—in the wider sense of the word—and he lives and breeds in far northern Europe, among the higher Norse fiords and on the mossy expanses of the Arctic tundra. There food is plentiful in summer. But when his native moss-beds freeze hard, he diffuses himself impartially over all shores of the world; he pays flying visits not only to Spain and Italy, but also to Natal or Melbourne, and to the American continent. On his return journey northward, he may sometimes be met with on the East Anglian mud-flats and on the Devonshire coast; but his appearances in Britain are more frequent in autumn, when young birds, on their first southward trip, love to "break the journey" on the glistening tidal mud of our eastern rivers, where they may often be seen in confidential little groups, surveying the world with philosophic contemplation from a congenial bank of ooze and tangleweed.

The turnstone is a sandpiper, well on his way to become a plover; or else, if you prefer it, he is a plover who has only just escaped from the humble fate of being a mere sandpiper. He gets his name, of course, from his well-known habit of turning over small stones on the sea-shore by a dexterous twist of his stout, hard bill, in order to feed on the petty molluscs and crawling crustaceans that lurk beneath them. This is his natural habitat, for living in which he is admirably adapted. If you see a group of young turnstones on a uniform grey-brown mud-flat, you notice at once that they are tolerably conspicuous birds, with their handsome stripes of black, white, and chestnut; their colour then betrays them. But it is only the youthful and unwary among them that so expose themselves to danger; experienced adults stick to the shingly beach, where their bold belts of black, brown, and white harmonise so admirably with the light and shade on the sheeny wet pebbles that it is almost impossible to discriminate them while at rest on the foreshore. Only when they rise a dozen yards off or so does it become easy to detect their presence. This close protective resemblance to the environment—a result, of course, of natural selection—makes it a little difficult to satisfy oneself as to the reality of their alleged stone-turning propensities; but if you see one settle, and then follow him up with an opera-glass, you may be lucky enough to observe him actually engaged

in his strange task of smartly overturning the shingle and darting like lightning on the small things beneath it. In size the turnstone is rather large for a sandpiper, or rather small for a plover; he is also somewhat shorter on the legs than most of his congeners. Throughout the summer, in his far northern breeding-places, he looks handsomer than with us, going in for a rich brown tone in many parts of his coat, while his legs and feet assume a brighter orange. But in autumn, when his soul has ceased for the moment lightly to turn to thoughts of love, his plumage grows duller and his bearing less haughty. He confines himself at that season to the prosaic and practical business of crustacean-hunting.

almost universally the habit of turning stones has given a name to this interesting bird; for in France he is the *tourne-pierre*; in Spain, the *revuelve-piedras*; and in Italy, the *volta-pietra*; while in the remote north of Scotland he is commonly known as the *stane-pecker*. I ought to add that the allied ringed plover is even more noted among modern sportsmen as an alarm-giver than the turnstone. It is a very alert little bird, which acts unconsciously in the same way as sentinel to other species, and it is therefore much disliked by pursuers of wild fowl because of its tell-tale habits. It has a clever trick of sticking to the very ridge of the weather-beaten shingle, where the breakers at high water have heaped up the pebbles in a sharp edge; and it runs along at a safe distance ahead, whistling perpetually as it goes, and so, putting up the frightened sandpipers and dunlins on the flats below, which fly out to sea as the murderous guns approach them. Sportsmen have an odd way of objecting to what they call "this provoking habit"; for my own part, my sympathies lie rather on the side of the sandpipers. But all shore-birds are much given to warning cries, because it is easy in their case to get safe out to sea, where they can secure themselves for the most part from the attacks of the enemy.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW

That good old English institution, which has continued during a century past—the Christmas Fat Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club—was opened on Monday at the Royal Agricultural Hall. The entries numbered 334, of which fifty-two were of the Scotch polled breed, sixty cross-bred, and forty shorthorns. The Devons and Herefords were fewer than usual, but of good quality, while that of the shorthorns was not remarkable. The best class was that of the Aberdeenshire Angus breed. The second prize in this class was gained by the Queen, the first by Sir Humphrey de Trafford. Her Majesty's Aberdeenshire steer was also placed in the reserve, after Lord Strathmore's, for the Challenge Cup and Gold Medal due to the breeder and exhibitor of the best beast in the whole show; and she won two first prizes for Hereford steers, one for Devon, and second prizes for her shorthorns. The Prince of



SKETCHES AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

Naturally, the turnstone, like every other well-conducted bird, has a Latin name—which happens in his case to be *Streptopelia interpres*. The *streptopelia* part of it, I need hardly say to a generation which has learnt Greek at Gorton, refers to his ancestral habit of stone-turning; but he is called "interpreter" for a more curious reason. When he sees danger approach, he raises his piping voice in a shrill little cry of warning, which other birds accept as a signal to look out for intruders. The Scotch, with their usual quaint facility in inventing names which exactly echo some natural sound, call him accordingly the skirl-crake. In Norfolk he is known rather as the sea-dotterel or the tangle-picker—tangle being good East Anglian for the common brown sea-wrack with little inflated air-bladders on its fronds, which the thrifty turnstone picks over piece by piece for the sake of the tiny crabs and sandhoppers that hide among its tresses. It is curious, however, to note how

Wales confined himself to sheep, taking the breed cup for his Southdowns and a plate for the best short-wool sheep; while the Duke of York gained a breed cup and three first prizes for red-polled cattle, and was commended for his Berkshire pigs. Lord Rosebery was also a successful exhibitor, winning the first place in the Crossbred class with two first and one second prize, and the Breed Cup for Shorthorns. The heroine of the show was Lord Strathmore's Aberdeenshire Angus "Minx of Glamis," which after winning the silver cup for the best heifer or cow carried off both the Queen's Challenge Cup of £150 and the Royal Agricultural Society's Champion Plate of 100 guineas. These two awards fall only to the finest animal of the year's show, and the Queen's Cup is further restricted to a winner which has been bred by its exhibitor. The third display of table poultry proved interesting, and drew a large number of visitors.



"WHAT SHALL I PLAY?"

By A. Johnson.

PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery made a very happy speech about London after Sir Walter Besant's lecture on the same inspiring topic at the Queen's Hall. It was the "disjected" state of the Metropolis which moved Lord Rosebery to some pathetic touches. Sir Walter Besant likened London to a beautiful woman; but Lord Rosebery said she was a lady with one leg here and the other there, and her heart remote from both. Some Londoners say this is inevitable because the city is so vast. Sir Walter Besant thinks the corporate entity of London might be restored, and he looks back regretfully to the days of the early Guilds. Lord Rosebery demurred to Sir Walter's remark that London was the mother of literature, and preferred to call her the stepmother. Neither epithet seems quite just. A great deal of our literature was not mothered by London, and though she stepmothered Chatterton, Richard Savage, Otway, and others, the balance of history is not against her on this score.

There is much concern at the illness of Mr. Edward Fairfield, C.B., head of the South African department of the Colonial Office. Mr. Fairfield set out for Genoa by sea, with Sir Wemyss Reid, and had an apoplectic seizure on the way. On landing at Genoa he was well enough to be taken to San Remo, and his friends in London are in hopes of better news of him. Mr. Fairfield is one of the ablest and most indefatigable of public servants, and a man of wide culture and brilliant accomplishments. At one time he wielded an industrious and diverting pen in weekly journalism; but the labours of the Colonial Office have robbed us of that.

Mr. Henry Fell Pease, whose sudden death last Sunday causes a vacancy in the representation of the Cleveland



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE LATE MR. H. F. PEASE, M.P.

Division of Yorkshire, came of an old Quaker family of honour in the county of Durham. Mr. Pease was born a year before the Queen's Accession, and eventually became a partner in the well-known firm of coal and ironstone mine proprietors, known as Pease and Partners. The collieries of this firm, which is connected by family bonds with the several other Pease firms of limestone, wool-manufacture, and banking fame respectively, are among the largest in Durham, and employ the labour of several thousands of workmen. After his marriage with a cousin, the late Mr. Pease settled near Darlington, a town with which he was closely associated all his life, for he was twice its Mayor and had been a member of its Corporation ever since the borough attained to that dignity in 1868. Mr. Pease was first returned for the Cleveland Division eleven years ago, in the Liberal interest, and retained the seat ever since, but not without a sharp struggle at the last two elections, which greatly reduced his once enormous majority, so that there is likely to be a good fight for the vacant seat. Some years ago Mr. Pease was President of the National Liberal Federation, and he was long a J.P. for Durham and Deputy-Lieutenant for the North Riding.

The state of Mr. Gladstone's health has lately caused some alarm. He had an attack of shortness of breath, not unusual in the average veteran who is about to celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday, but surprising in Mr. Gladstone. The indisposition has passed off, happily, and it is expected that the aged statesman will be able to spend part of the winter in the Riviera and at Biarritz, where he has formerly amassed fresh stores of health and vigour.

Mr. Stead has rehabilitated Mr. Rhodes and indicted Mr. Chamberlain, all in a Christmas Number. The natural extravagance of such a medium rather mars what Mr. Stead wishes to be taken as a serious argument. He contends that the Colonial Secretary was privy to the massing of the Chartered Company's forces on the Transvaal border. That is very likely. The disturbed state of the Transvaal had led Lord Loch to propose this very precaution. But it is a different thing to suggest that Mr. Chamberlain expected a rising in Johannesburg, and was prepared to use the forces on the border much as they were used by Dr. Jameson in a moment of ill-starred impatience. Mr. Stead says his statements will be confirmed by the Parliamentary inquiry. That does not seem to be the general impression.

Mr. Bayard has declined to accept the "national testimonial" which the *Daily Telegraph* proposed to organise in his honour. It was to have taken the shape of the Caxton "Chaucer," the second quarto of Shakspeare, and a vellum manuscript of the "Canterbury Tales." Many people were prepared to regard the presentation of these valuable works as an innocent expression of the esteem with which Mr. Bayard is regarded by all classes in this country. A very different opinion, however, prevailed in the United States. It is not customary to present testimonials to Ambassadors, and certain organs of popular sentiment in America at once took an unfavourable view of this breach of diplomatic usage. The intention of the projectors of this compliment to Mr. Bayard was obviously well meant, but the circumstances of the case made it an indiscretion.

An unenviable publicity has fallen to the lot of Herr von Tausch, chief of the Berlin secret police. This

functionary appears to occupy a position which enables him to use the secret service money for the purpose of discrediting Ministers of State. Two journalists were recently prosecuted at Berlin for libelling Baron von Marschall, the Foreign Secretary, and Count von Eulenberg, the German Ambassador at Vienna. Both these distinguished men were accused of having been concerned in an English plot. *Perfidie Albion* again! When the Czar made his famous speech at Breslau, he was reported in one version to have said that he entertained towards the German Emperor the sentiments which animated his father. What he actually mentioned were the sentiments of the Kaiser himself. The error was attributed in some organs of the semi-official Press to the desire of Baron von Marschall and Count Eulenberg to cause ill-will between Russia and Germany in the interests of England!

The prisoners in the libel case were condemned, and Herr von Tausch is about to stand his trial for perjury. How he may fare it is impossible to say; but the fact that the chief of the secret police habitually uses the German Press for what he considers the interests of the State is a queer commentary on the German methods of administration. Herr von Tausch is said to be a fanatical Bismarckian, who sees the horrid machinations of England in the policy of every Minister under the shadow of Bismarck's dislike.

"Little Eyolf" still lives, and the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Mrs. Allmers (*vice* Miss Achurch) will possibly insure the continuance of the run of Ibsen's strange play at the Avenue. Mrs. Campbell's is a wonderful performance. She goes forward instinctively to meet her opportunities, so that her acting seems the most natural, the easiest thing in the world for her. She is best in that extraordinary conscience-searching scene between husband and wife in the second act, gripping the situation with remarkable power and firmness. And this is an opinion formed by having seen her on the first night (Dec. 8), when she had not mastered her words and practically read all the last act. Miss Florence Farr now plays the Rat-Wife.

Mr. Gibson Bowles grows in the Sultan's favour. He has been the recipient of quite extraordinary honours. The Sultan has asked him to dinner and even to private theatricals. We are not told what piece was performed on this happy occasion. Perhaps it was a comic opera about Armenia. Mr. Bowles is to return home charged with a message to Lord Salisbury. Lord Salisbury knows these messages. He received one himself, directly from the Sultan, in the form of a letter, and took the earliest opportunity of pouring public ridicule on it.

As usual, the approach of Christmas and the New Year is heralded by the appearance of a wealth of cards of greeting, calendars, diaries, and other ingeniously devised articles suitable for gifts. In addition to those specimens which have already been submitted to our notice, we have now received a large assortment of the graceful wares of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. These include artistic calendars of every kind, and Christmas cards and booklets of every character, admirably produced. Perhaps the calendars illustrated with portraits of contemporary poets, vocalists, actresses, and other celebrities respectively, will be the most popular of their tribe, but all are well devised and well executed. And the same commendation is fully deserved by the multitude of calendars, diaries, date-cards, purses, and other useful trifles. Messrs. De La Rue's combined purse, pocket-book, and diary is a model of compactness and convenience.

A notable colonial figure has passed away in Sir Frederick Napier Broome, Governor of Trinidad and Tobago, who died on Dec. 3 at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. Sir Napier Broome, the son of a former rector of Kenley, Shropshire, was born in Canada, but spent his boyhood in England and then emigrated to New Zealand. After some years of colonial farming he came home on a visit and married the widow of Sir George Barker. It was from her experiences of the colonial life to which her second marriage introduced her that Lady Barker subsequently drew the material for her well-known descriptions of New Zealand station life. Mr. Broome returned to England in 1869, and turned his very distinct literary talents to account as a member of the staff of the *Times* for some five years. Twenty-one years ago, Mr. Broome abandoned journalism in order to become Colonial Secretary of Natal, whence he passed, in the same capacity, to Mauritius. In 1880 he was made Lieutenant-Governor of the latter colony, and while holding this office won the commendation of the Government for his prompt action in sending all the troops that the island could spare to aid the British force after Isandhlana.

In 1882 Mr. Broome was appointed Governor of Western Australia, and the development of the colony's resources has since owed much to his intelligence and practical acquaintance with colonial life and its exigencies. Sir Napier—he was knighted in 1884—ended his seven years of office as Governor by coming to England to give evidence upon the Western Australia Constitution Bill in the House of Commons. More recently Sir Napier served his country in the West Indies, first as Acting-

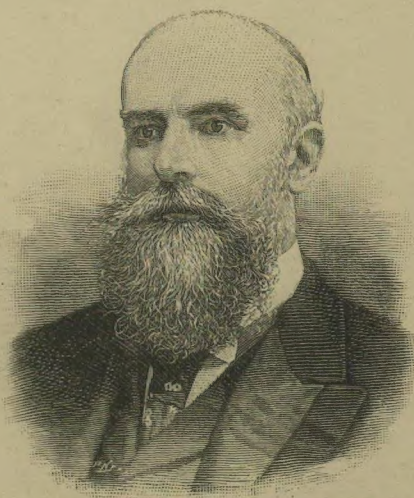


Photo Gale, Pall Mall.
THE LATE SIR F. NAPIER BROOME, K.C.M.G.

Governor of Barbadoes and latterly as Governor of Trinidad. As the story of his life sufficiently demonstrates, he was a born ruler of men, and he was also a ruler who won the respect and goodwill of all who came under his control.

A dignity rare in modern days for one of her sex has been won by the Hon. Alicia Amherst. In recognition of the value of her contributions to the history and literature of English gardening she has been made a "freeman"—"freewoman"—is apparently not admitted in the records of the institution—of the Gardeners' Company. The ceremony of admission was performed last week at the Grafton Galleries by Mr. H. H. Sherwood, Master of the Gardeners' Company, who made the interesting announcement that a woman had only twice before received the honour, and that not within the last seventy years. Miss Amherst's predecessors in the dignity were Mrs. Dobell and Mrs. Fry, who received the Freedom of the Company in 1818 and 1822 respectively. The new "Freeman" is one of the six daughters of Lord Amherst of Hackney. The writing of her "History of Gardening in England" was first suggested to Miss Amherst by Mr. Percy Newberry, who had written some articles on the subject in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, but was unable to continue the series owing to his researches in Egypt. On making independent investigations of the subject among original sources and in the volumes of many libraries, Miss Amherst found her theme expanding, until it assumed its present form of its own accord rather than out of her deliberate purpose.

MUSIC.

On Thursday, Dec. 3, the Queen's Hall Choral Society, under the able conductorship of Mr. Randegger, produced Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," a work which has, we believe, been heard only once before in London, and then under somewhat disastrous circumstances, at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts; it is called a sacred opera, and is, one supposed, intended for the stage; it is, moreover, reckoned to be Saint-Saëns' most brilliant musical exploit. With that opinion it is, however, difficult to agree very heartily. Intensely French as the work is from beginning to end, it has in it quite a wonderful amount of commonplace and even vulgarity. Still, it is to be recorded that the Choral Society gave a very successful interpretation, Miss Brema, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Black all singing quite admirably.

On the same evening, Mr. Henschel, at the St. James's Hall, produced Dvorák's "Te Deum" for the first time in England. As a mere pageant of music the thing is clever enough, but frankly it is more fitted for a barbarian vanguard than for the solemnities of the "Te Deum." Barbaric and impetuous it is from beginning to end, and let us acknowledge that it never really bores one; it is seldom, indeed, that Dvorák shows himself to be anything but clever, and real cleverness never oppresses. It is a work, let the word be said, which is entirely lacking in suggestiveness or in subtlety; it is lucid, clear, and intelligible. It has sufficient elaboration; and, although it is never likely to find a place among the classic cathedral music of England, it was worth doing. Mr. Henschel's band played it admirably, and Miss Fillunger took the solo part with every success.

It is sad that this should be, to a large extent, a grumbling week, but it would be absurd to award the highest praise to the Symphony (No. 1) by Mr. Barclay Jones, organist of the Brompton Oratory, played by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Jones is a musician of singular promise; but in this very ambitious work he inevitably takes himself too seriously. There is a great want of proportion in the whole thing, which you instinctively feel that time alone can remedy; and it was perhaps a pity, therefore, that Mr. Manns practically wasted so much time over it at one of his most valuable concerts. We go to Sydenham for the great things of art; we reserve our Barclay Jones, say, for a local Town Hall, or a native town. It goes without saying that Mr. Manns's orchestra played it admirably; but perhaps the very excellence of the interpretation in this instance betrayed the faults of the work.

On Tuesday night the students of the Guildhall School of Music, under the direction of Mr. William Cummings, gave a performance at the St. James's Hall of that now rarely heard work, Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch." Composed nearly twenty years ago, this is a work which contains some admirable melody and a good deal of dramatic interest; but it has been in later years almost entirely eclipsed by the same composer's later serious work, "The Golden Legend," the popularity of which cannot be questioned. Such a song as "Come, Margarita, Come," and such a chorus as "Brother, thou hast gone before," will always lend to the earlier composition a certain attractiveness and interest. On Tuesday the students sang it really well, and the orchestra, all circumstances considered, was quite good. Indeed, it is rare that one hears from young amateurs anything so soundly, so meritoriously, and so artistically given.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Windsor Castle, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Empress Eugénie came on Thursday, Dec. 3, to visit the Queen, and stayed till Saturday. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha ended their visit last week, and the Duchess left England for Germany. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with her husband, visited the Queen on Sunday. The Queen has received the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. Lord Salisbury and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach were guests of the Queen on Dec. 2, and Lord Rosebery on Sunday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have continued to be at home at Sandringham, where on Dec. 1 the birthday of her Royal Highness, who is fifty-two, was kept by a large family party, including the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince and Princess Henry of Pless. Lord Rosebery and Earl de Grey were guests of their Royal Highnesses. The Duke of York has gone to Holkham on a visit to the Earl of Leicester. The Prince of Wales has been re-elected, for the twelfth time, Grand Master of the Order of Mark Masons.

The Duke of Devonshire spoke on Dec. 3 at a meeting held at Guildhall to promote the British Empire League, which has superseded the late Imperial Federation League, more especially to aid in discussing and arranging plans for colonial defences, in concert with the Government Committee jointly representing the Admiralty, the War Department, and the Colonial Department. The Lord Mayor of London presided; Sir Charles Tupper and the Hon. R. Dobell, of Canada, Sir Westby Percival, Agent for New Zealand, and Sir John Lubbock, were among the speakers. Leading men in Australia promise to co-operate with the movement. The United Empire Trade League entertained Sir Charles Tupper with luncheon on Tuesday.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held on Monday and again on Wednesday this week.

The National Agricultural Union, presided over by the Earl of Winchelsea, held its annual congress on Dec. 3, at Birmingham, and passed some resolutions, one in favour of a Customs Union between Great Britain and the Colonies. The recent Government measure for the relief of the agricultural ratepayers was regarded as an instalment of beneficial legislation. It was observed that the new motor-cars on common roads would probably be of great service in carrying agricultural produce.

A Conference of the Poor-law Guardians of the south-eastern counties of England, the Earl of Onslow presiding, was held last week. The subject of vagrancy, the treatment of tramps, and the management of casual wards, having been discussed, a memorial asking for a Royal Commission of Inquiry was authorised to be sent up to Government.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, delivered on Dec. 3 a lecture to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution upon "Modern Arms and the Influence of War upon Civilisation." His Lordship also took part in a meeting of the East of Scotland Tactical Society of Volunteer Officers. He went on to Perth, received the freedom of the city, and unveiled a military monument on Tuesday.

The London County Council has confirmed the dismissal of four clerks in the Works Department for making false entries of expenditure and value of materials, and has invited candidates for the office of general manager of that department, with £1500 yearly salary. The late manager, who had half that salary, is reprimanded.

The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Faudel Phillips, at Guildhall on Saturday presented prizes to the 3rd City of London Battalion of Volunteers, which has 788 members certified as efficient out of 799 enrolled. The Lord Mayor and his wife officially attended a religious service at the Jewish synagogue in Great St. Helen's, commemorative of the soldiers and sailors belonging to that religious community in England.

Dr. Jameson was released on Wednesday, Dec. 2, from Holloway Prison by order of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, on account of his impaired health, suffering after an operation performed to cure an exhausting disease. He was removed to a nursing home, but his condition is still much the same.

An offer has been made by Dr. Barnardo to receive a thousand children of the destitute Armenian families into his numerous "Homes" or charitable boarding-schools for orphans and homeless boys and girls. His proposal has been referred to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, who will communicate it to the Armenian relief agencies in Turkey.

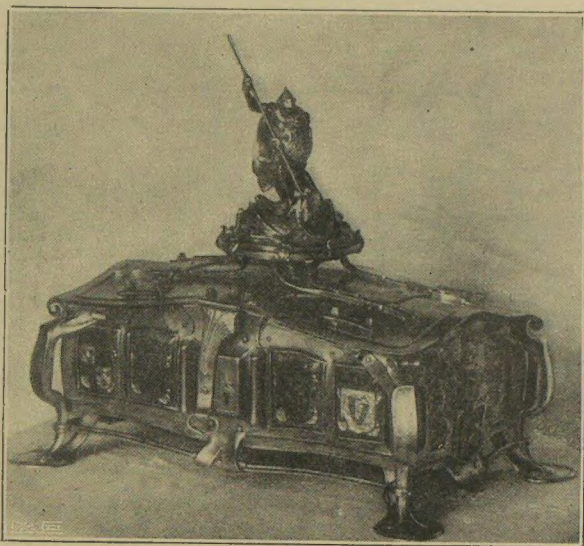
Two new ships have been added to the Royal Navy; the steel-protected twin-screw *Furious* was launched at Devonport Dockyard on Dec. 3, and the *Gladiator*, of a similar class, at Portsmouth on Tuesday. One for Brazil, the *Amazonas*, has been launched at Elswick, on the Tyne.

A deputation from the Association for Promoting the Education and Employment of the Blind, introduced by Lord Playfair, was received on Friday by the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord President of the Council, asking the Education Department of the Government to extend the obligation of School Boards, or local school authorities, for the more advanced and effectual instruction of the blind to the age of twenty-one, so that they may learn a trade or handicraft to get their own living. This proposal was supported by Mr. Mundella, and by Dr. T. Holmes, Dr. F. J. Campbell, Mr. Buckle, and other persons connected with institutions for the blind. The Duke of Devonshire said that the Poor-law Boards of Guardians had power to do what was wanted,

if they chose to do it; but Government would consider the matter.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies at Rome has voted confidence in the Marquis di Rudini's Ministry, and thereby in King Humbert, by 184 votes against 27, with 53 abstainers, whereupon the Government will propose to abandon, entirely and finally, the policy of military conquest in East Africa, and will seek an arrangement for the early restitution of Kassala to the Egyptian dominion, with the aid of Great Britain. Two hundred of the Italian prisoners of war in Abyssinia are on their way home. On the Somali coast, beyond the Red Sea, a party of Italian travellers, including the Italian Consul-General at Zanzibar and eight officers, have been killed by a band of hostile natives.

European diplomacy at Constantinople may seem inclined to be moving a step forward upon the return



PRESENTATION TO LORD GLENESK.

Lord Glenesk was lately the recipient of an interesting gift which the Worshipful Company of Plumbers have for some time been preparing as a mark of congratulation upon his accession to the peerage. A complimentary resolution recording the respect of the Court of the Company, and paying a tribute to the services rendered by Lord Glenesk, as Sir Algernon Borthwick, to the plumber's craft, was enclosed in a finely wrought casket of beaten silver, with heraldic designs in enamel, devised and executed by Messrs. N. and E. Dawson and Mr. F. W. Pomeroy. The casket forms a notable specimen of the modern silversmith's art.

of M. Nelidoff from St. Petersburg. It is said that Russia and England have agreed to propose reforms. No fresh cruelties practised on the Armenians are shown in reports that can be verified, but the distress endured this winter by those left homeless and destitute will be severe, and a relief fund of £200,000 is needed for Asia Minor. The Sultan is just now more afraid of a Mussulman rebellion, and has caused many Turks to be arrested in his capital city.

Greece, in spite of financial straits, is raising twelve thousand additional troops for possible needs in the event of a break-up of Turkish rule in the adjacent provinces of Macedonia and Albania.

In America President Cleveland has sent his last Message to the United States Congress. He warns Spain that if, with her immense regular army in Cuba, she cannot now quickly put down the guerrilla Cuban rebellion, or conciliate the islanders by granting Home Rule, or think of selling Cuba, which is a broad hint at a purchase by the United States, America may soon be obliged to interfere. He says the Venezuela dispute with Great Britain is about to be justly and fairly settled. With regard to the tariff, fiscal, and currency questions of domestic legislation, he has little to say, these being left to the Republican party now coming again into power, with the new President and new Congress of next year.

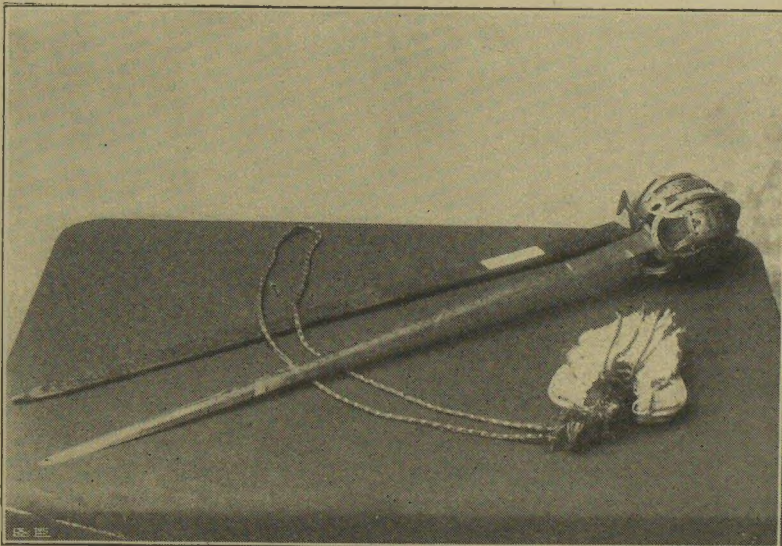


Photo McKnight and Son, Peebles.

TWO STUART RELICS AT PEEBLES.

The members of the White Rose League now have a new place of pilgrimage open to them—the museum of the Chambers Institute, Peebles. To it the late Sir James Naesmyth of Posse lately bequeathed two very interesting Stuart relics. The first is a hawk's lure once belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, and presented by James VI. to the then James Naesmyth on his being appointed King's Falconer. The second relic is a basket-hilted sword, the blade of which bears on one side the figure of St. Andrew with his cross. Underneath runs the inscription: "Prosperity to Scotland and no Union"; while on the reverse side is shown a crown above two crossed sceptres, with the inscription, "For God, my country, and King James VIII."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

We have all been so assiduously drilled into regarding love either as something contraband or as a conventional accompaniment to wedding cake, useless presents of Louis Seize clocks, and a description of the bride's "going-away dress" in the ladies' papers, that it almost takes our breath away to have it presented in a state of nature, as the one obvious business of life, the only thing sensible men and women can find time for. That, I submit, is why "As You Like It," though we have seen it a hundred times, always comes to us as what Mr. Boffin called a "staggerer." Once in Arden, you find people pairing as naturally as birds, Rosalind with Orlando, Phoebe with Silvius, Touchstone with Audrey, Oliver with Celia. "Menez-moi," said the damsel in Théophile Gautier's verse—

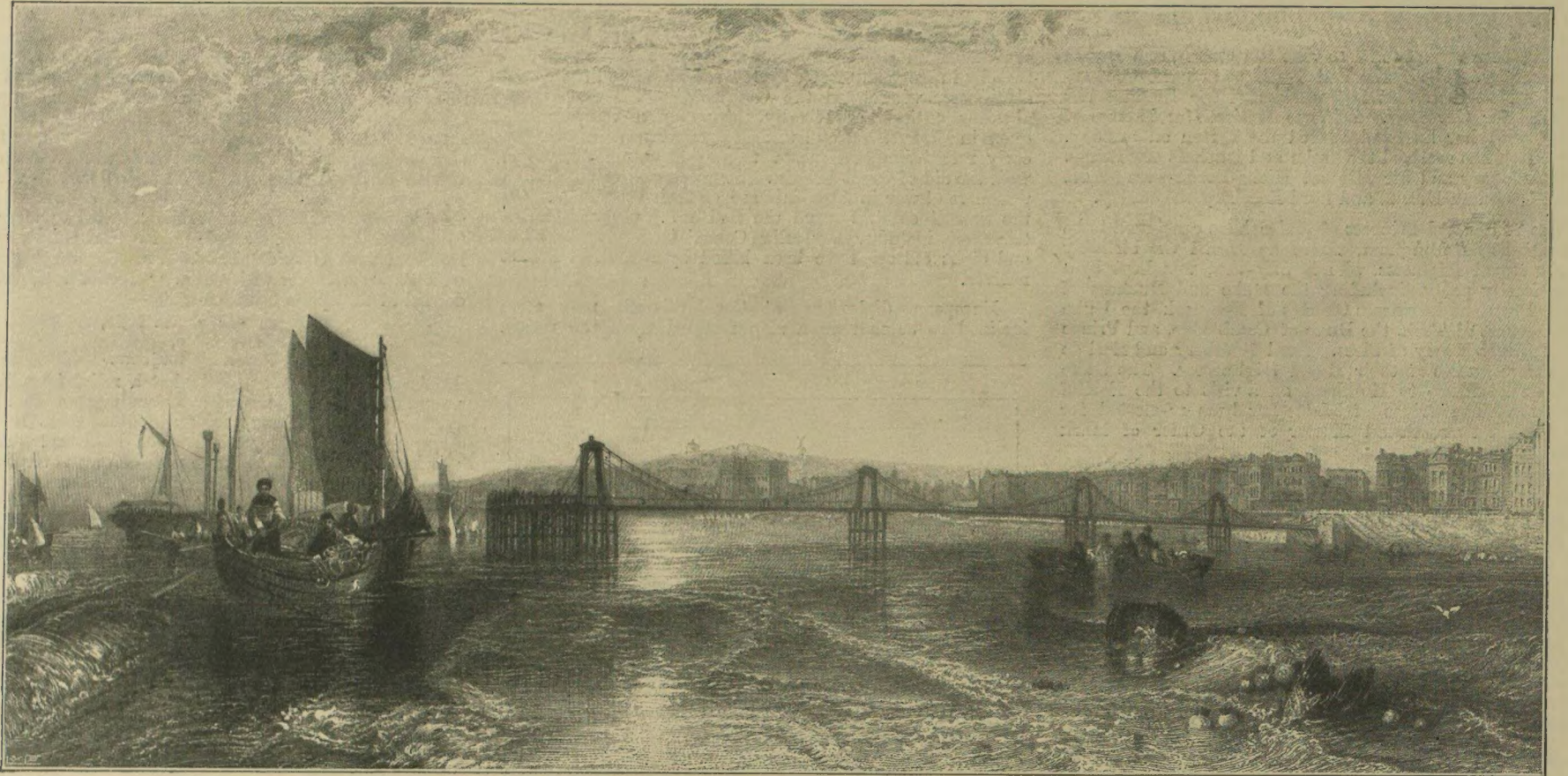
Menez-moi, dit la belle,
A la rive fidèle,
Où l'on aime toujours.

In Arden we get there, and what a relief from London, where the great business of amorism meets with all sorts of impediments—far more formidable than lions and usurping dukes and wicked elder brothers! There, I think, will be found the true test of any revival of "As You Like It." Did they take you to Arden or leave you behind in London? If this be indeed the test, then have they achieved a signal success at the St. James's. For they "personally conduct" you to Arden, and that by the simple process of running the amorism of the play for all it is worth. I mean that they are not obtrusively acting, but quite frankly, simply, and joyously figuring as sweet lovers, loving the spring, the only pretty ring-time. Stendhal, who (whatever the learned M. Jusserand may say) was the first Frenchman to understand Shakspeare, was asked whether he had ever seen the poet perfectly acted. "Yes, once," he answered, "by a set of mediocre players, in a barn." And Théophile Gautier, already mentioned, when he sketched out an ideal performance of "As You Like It," had it acted by well-bred amateurs. Now, at the St. James's, of course, they are not mediocre players, still less are they amateurs; but they keep their histrionics in check, do not thrust them between you and the play. They know that the proper business of the moment is love and love-making, and love-analysing and love-teasing, and they throw themselves headlong into the game as at a merry woodland picnic. The result is delightful—one gets a cool whiff of forest air (with a subtle admixture of *odor di femmina*) over the footlights.

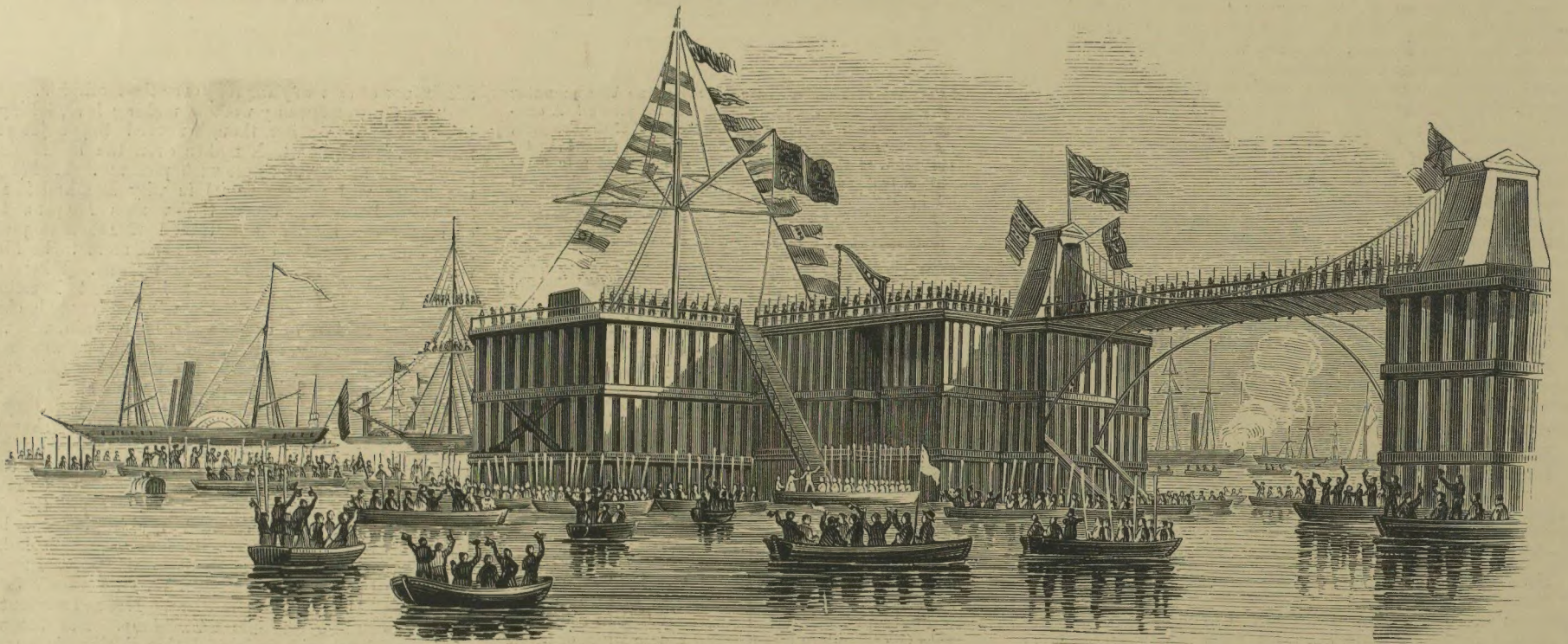
To see a woman, any woman, making love, taking the initiative in the wooing, though never bating a jot of her modesty, is a sight which makes even the baldheads and greybeards among us tingle with pleasure. That (I hope the ladies will remember it) is why Rosalind is men's favourite heroine. When the woman happens to be of surpassing beauty—but there! if I fall to praising Miss Julia Neilson's beauty, I shall seem to be hinting that her face is her Shakspearean fortune. Whereas the simple truth is she is a most intelligent Rosalind—a Rosalind with tact and nimble wit and enough obvious enjoyment of fun to confute Mr. Barry Pain, who maintained the other day, at the Pioneer Club, that women have no sense of humour. "There is a trip in her gait, and too great a disposition to keep in motion while she is speaking, or to go up to the persons she is addressing, as if they were deaf." I quote this from Hazlitt, because it shows how the chief fault of our Rosalind to-day is almost inherent in the part, having been detected in a Rosalind four score years ago. Is not Mr. Alexander's Orlando a little too lovelorn—too "hard-hit"? I put this interrogatively, because I distrust my judgment—being, like every other Englishman, in love with Rosalind, and therefore inclined to carp at the favoured swain. Excellent, Miss Fay Davis's Celia and Mr. W. H. Vernon's Jaques, and Mr. G. P. Hawtrey's William. Not so excellent, Mr. H. V. Esmond's sardonic Touchstone. But the whole affair, as I have said, delightful, though there is (or was) a little too much Masque of Hymen for a generation which has learned how to get its Hymeneal ceremonies rattled through by a Registrar in five minutes.—A. B. WALKLEY.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

With three theatres on hand, Mr. George Edwardes may hope to complete the biography of the garden of girls on which he seems to be intent. He has already given us "The Gaiety Girl," the "Artist's Model" girl, and "The Geisha" girl at Daly's. "My Girl," who is a demure vicar's daughter, has gone to the Garrick. The Gaiety Theatre itself has already given refuge to "The Shop Girl," and on Dec. 5 introduced us to "The Circus Girl." Amid such a lavish gallery of girls it becomes somewhat difficult to distinguish the separate portraits, but the aroma of the ring, with its horses and its wrestlers and its wire-walkers, is rather novel. That part of the new piece was suggested by "Eine Tolle Nacht," which made a hit in Vienna. The English introduction and padding are very familiar. The feature of the first night was the reappearance of Mr. Edmund Payne as a waiter in love with Lucille, the slack wire walker (Miss Katie Seymour). He got a tremendous reception, such as only the Gaiety can give, and this enthusiasm was not misplaced. He is as droll as ever, though his dancing was not so acrobatic as of old. Miss Seymour revelled in her part: nothing could be more clever than her pantomime, and her appearance, with a curiously Beardsley-esque touch, as the twin clown of Mr. Payne, was deliciously comic. Miss Ethel Haydon has improved out of recognition. Miss Terriss shows all her old charm as the pretty little school-girl, and Mr. Hicks does some very clever pantomime work. Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. Lionel Monckton's music is appropriately catchy, the lyrics of Mr. Adrian Ross and Mr. Harry Greenbank are nimble enough, and the scenery and dressing are lavish.



THE CHAIN PIER AT BRIGHTON.
From the Picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.



THE QUEEN LANDING AT THE CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON, ON HER RETURN FROM FRANCE IN 1843.
Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" for September 16, 1843.



THE WEST PIER, BRIGHTON, AFTER THE GALE.
From a Photograph by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXV.

The instant he had seated himself he found to his amazement that the man beside him was fast asleep. To look at him lying in a heap on the cushions one might have fancied that he had been sleeping for hours rather than minutes, so composed was he. Even the jolting of the starting coach made no impression upon him.

Goldsmith perceived that the moment for which he had been longing had arrived. He felt that if he meant to get the letters into his possession he must act at once.

He passed his hand over the man's waistcoat, and had no difficulty in detecting the exact whereabouts of the packet which he coveted. All he had to do was to unbutton the waistcoat, thrust his hand into the pocket, and then leave the coach while it was still in motion.

The moment that he touched the first button, however, the man shifted his position, and awoke, putting his hand, as if mechanically, to his breast to feel that the wallet was still there. Then he straightened himself in some measure and began to mumble, apparently being quite unaware of the fact that someone was seated beside him.

"Dear Madam, you do me great honour," he said, and then gave a little hiccupping laugh. "Great honour, I swear; but if you were to offer me all the guineas in the treasure chest of the regiment I would not give you the plan of the fort. No, Madam, I am a man of honour, and I hold the documents for Colonel Washington. Oh, the fools that girls are to put pen to paper! but if she was a fool she did not write the letters to a fool. Oh, no, no! I would accept no price for them—no price whatever except your own fair self. Come to me, my charmer, at sunset, and they shall be yours; yes, with a hundred guineas, or I print them. Oh, Ned, my lad, there's no honester way of living than by selling a wench her own letters. No, no; Ned, I'll not leave 'em behind me in the drawer in case of accidents. I'll carry 'em about with me in case of accidents, for I know how sharp you are, dear Ned; and so when I had 'em in the pocket of my cloak I thought it as well to transfer 'em—in case of accidents, Ned—to my waistcoat, Sir. Ay, they're here! here, my friend! and here they'll stay till Colonel Washington hands me over his dollars for them."

Then he slapped his breast, and laughed the horrible laugh of a drunken man whose hallucination is that he is the shrewdest fellow alive.

Goldsmith caught every word of his mumblings, and from the way he referred to the letters, came to the conclusion that the scoundrel had not only tried to levy blackmail on Mary Horneck, but had been endeavouring to sell the secrets of the King's forces to the American rebels. Goldsmith had, however, no doubt that the letters which he was desirous of getting into his hands were those which the man had within his waistcoat. His belief in this direction did not, however, assist him to devise a plan for transferring the letters from the place where they reposed to his own pocket.

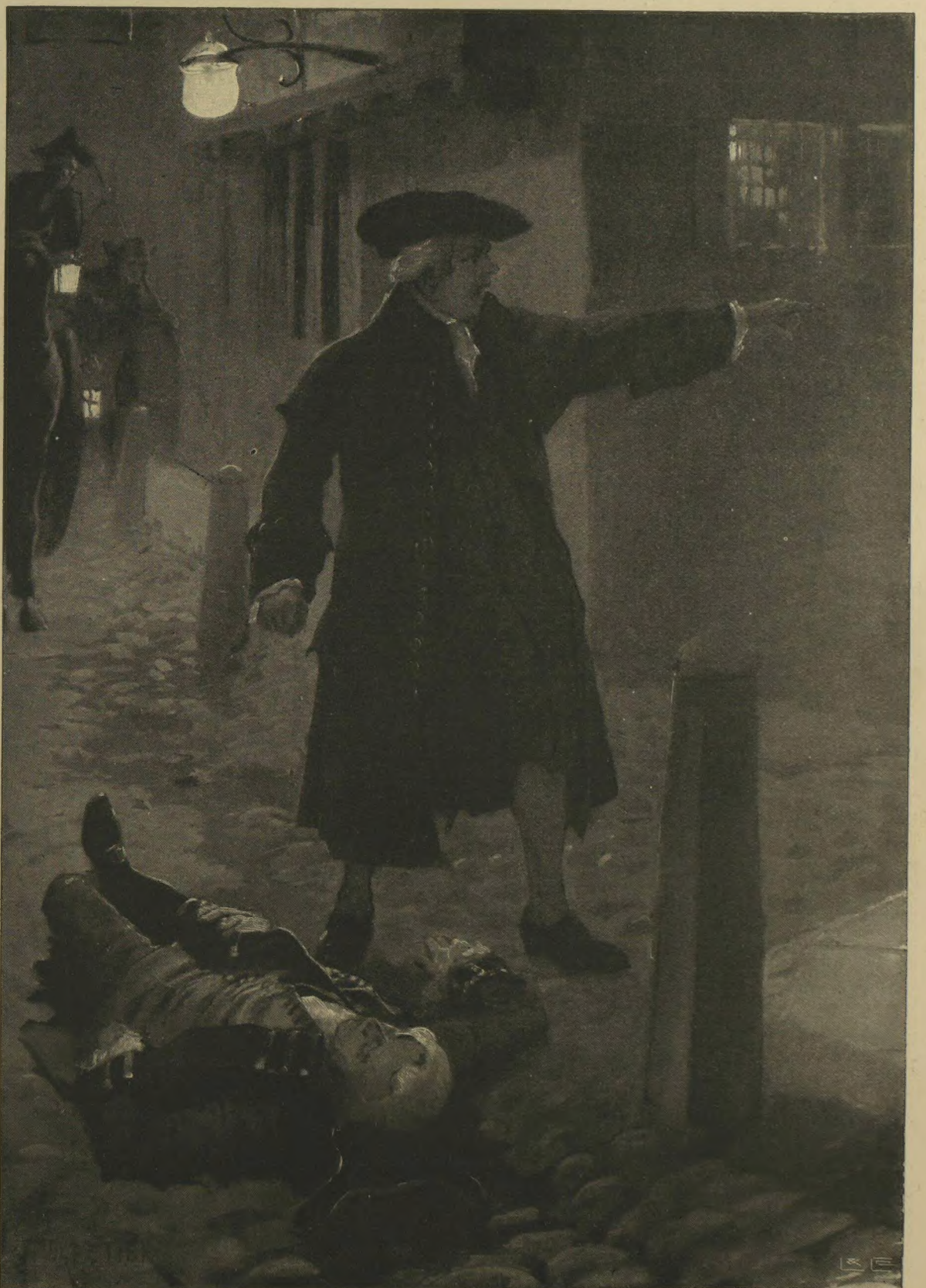
The coach jolted over the uneven roads on its way to the notorious Whetstone Park, but all the jolting failed to prevent the operation of the brandy which the man had drunk, for once again he fell asleep, his fingers remaining between the buttons of his waistcoat, so that it would be quite impossible for even the most adroit pick-pocket, which Goldsmith could not claim to be, to open the garment.

He felt the vexation of the moment very keenly. The thought that the packet which he coveted was only a few inches from his hand, and yet that it was as unattainable as though it were at the summit of Mont Blanc, was maddening; but he felt that he would be foolish to make any more attempts to effect his purpose. The man would be certain to awake, and Goldsmith knew that, intoxicated

though he was, he was strong enough to cope with three men of his (Goldsmith's) physique.

Gregory's Court, which led into Whetstone Park, was too narrow to admit so broad a vehicle as a hackney coach,

so the driver pulled up at the entrance in Holborn near the New Turnstile, just under an alehouse lamp. Goldsmith was wondering if his obligation to Mrs. Abington's guest did not end here, when the light of the lamp showed



Goldsmith shouted out, "Follow him—follow the murderer!" pointing wildly in the direction taken by the stranger.

the man to be wide awake, and he really seemed comparatively sober. It was only when he spoke that he showed himself, by the huskiness of his voice, to be very far from sober.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "how do I come to be here? Who the devil may you be, Sirrah? Oh, I remember! You're the poet. She insulted me—grossly insulted me—turned me out of the tavern. And you insulted me, too, you rascal, coming with me in my coach, as if I was drunk, and needed you to look after me. Get out, you scoundrel, or I'll crack your skull for you. Can't you see that this is Gregory's Court?"

Goldsmith eyed the ruffian for a moment. He was debating if it might not be better to spring upon him, and make at least a straightforward attempt to obtain the wallet. The result of his moment's consideration of the question was to cause him to turn away from the fellow and open the door. He was in the act of telling the driver that he would take the coach on to the Temple, when Jackson stepped out, shaking the vehicle on its leathern straps, and staggered a few yards in the direction of the Turnstile. At the same instant a man hastily emerged from the entrance to the court, almost coming in collision with Jackson.

"You cursed, clumsy lout!" shouted the latter, swinging half-way round as the man passed. In a second the stranger stopped, and faced the other.

"You low ruffian!" he said. "You cheated me last night, and left me to sleep in the fields; but my money came to me to-day, and I've been waiting for you. Take that, you scoundrel—and that—and that——"

He struck Jackson a blow to right and left, and then one straight on the forehead, which felled him to the ground. He gave the man a kick when he fell, and then turned about and ran, for the watchman was coming up the street, and half a dozen of the passers-by gave an alarm.

Goldsmith shouted out, "Follow him—follow the murderer!" pointing wildly in the direction taken by the stranger.

In another instant he was leaning over the prostrate man, and making a pretence to feel his heart. He tore open his waistcoat. Putting in his hand, he quickly abstracted the wallet, and bending right over the body in order to put his hand to the man's chest, he, with much more adroitness than was necessary—for outside the sickly gleam of the lamp all the street was in darkness—slipped the wallet into his other hand and then under his coat.

A few people had by this time been drawn to the spot by the alarm which had been given, and some inquired if the man were dead, and if he had been run through with a sword.

"It was a knock-down blow," said Goldsmith, still leaning over the prostrate man; "and being a doctor, I can honestly say that no great harm has been done. The fellow is as drunk as if he had been soused in a beer-barrel. A dash of water in his face will go far to bring about his recovery. Ah, he is recovering already."

He had scarcely spoken before he felt himself thrown violently back, almost knocking down two of the bystanders, for the man had risen to a sitting posture, asking him, with an oath, as he flung him back, what he meant by choking him.

A roar of laughter came from the people in the street as Goldsmith picked up his hat and straightened his sword, saying—

"Gentlemen, I think that a man who is strong enough to treat his physician in that way has small need of his services. I thought the fellow might be seriously hurt, but I have changed my mind on that point recently; and so good-night. Souse him copiously with water should he relapse. By a casual savour of him I should say that he is not used to water."

He re-entered the coach and told the driver to proceed to the Temple, and as rapidly as possible, for he was afraid that the man, on completely recovering from the effects of the blow that had stunned him, would miss his wallet and endeavour to overtake the coach. He was greatly relieved when he reached the lodge of his friend Ginger, the head-porter, and he paid the driver with a liberality that called down upon him a torrent of thanks.

As he went up the stairs to his chambers he could scarcely refrain from cheering. In his hand he carried the leathern wallet, and he had no doubt that it contained the letters which he hoped to place in the hands of his dear Jessamy Bride, who, he felt, had alone understood him—had alone trusted him with the discharge of a knightly task.

He closed his oaken outer door and forced up the wick of the lamp in his room. With trembling fingers by the light of its rays he unclasped the wallet and extracted its contents. He devoured the pages with his eyes, and then both wallet and papers fell from his hands. He dropped into a chair with an exclamation of wonder and dismay.

The papers which he had taken from the wallet were those which, following the instructions of Mrs. Abington, he had brought with him to the tavern, pretending that they were the act of the comedy which he had to read to the actress.

He remained for a long time in the chair into which he had fallen. He was utterly stupefied. Apart from the shock of his disappointment, the occurrence was so

mysterious as to deprive him of the power of thought. He could only gaze blankly down at the empty wallet and the papers, covered with his own handwriting, which he had picked up from his own desk before starting for the tavern.

What did it all mean? How on earth had those papers found their way into the wallet?

Those were the questions which he had to face, but for which, after an hour's consideration, he failed to find an answer.

He recollected distinctly having seen the expression of suspicion come over the man's face when he saw Mrs. Abington sitting on the chair over which his cloak was hanging; and when she had returned to the table, Jackson had staggered to the cloak, and running his hand down the lining until he had found the pocket, furtively took from it the wallet, which he transferred to the pocket on the inner side of his waistcoat. He had had no time—at least, so Goldsmith thought—to put the sham act of the play into the wallet; and yet he felt that the man must have done so unseen by the others in the room, or how could the papers ever have been in the wallet?

Great Heavens! The man must only have been shamming intoxication the greater part of the night! He must have had so wide an experience of the craft of men and the wiles of women as caused him to live in a condition of constant suspicion of both men and women. He had clearly suspected Mrs. Abington's invitation to supper, and had amused himself at the expense of the actress and her other guest. He had led them both on and had fooled them to the top of his bent, just when they were fancying that they were entrapping him.

Goldsmith felt that, indeed, he at least had been a fool, and, as usual, he had attained the summit of his foolishness just when he fancied he was showing himself to be especially astute. He had chuckled over his shrewdness in placing himself in the hands of a woman to the intent that he might defeat the ends of the scoundrel who threatened Mary Horneck's happiness, but now it was Jackson who was chuckling—Jackson, who had doubtless been watching with amused interest the childish attempts made by Mrs. Abington to entrap him.

How glibly she had talked of entrapping him! She had even gone the length of quoting Shakspeare; she was one of those people who fancy that when they have quoted Shakspeare they have said the last word on any subject. But when the time came for her to cease talking and begin to act, she had failed. She had proved to him that he had been a fool to place himself in her hands, hoping she would be able to help him.

He laughed bitterly at his own folly. The consciousness of having failed would have been bitter enough by itself, but now to it was added the consciousness of having been laughed at by the man of whom he was trying to get the better.

What was there now left for him to do? Nothing except to go to Mary, and tell her that she had been wrong in entrusting her cause to him. She should have entrusted it to Colonel Gwyn, or some man who would have been ready to help her and capable of helping her—some man with a knowledge of men—some man of resource, not one who was a mere weaver of fictions, who was incapable of dealing with men unless on paper. Nothing was left for him but to tell her this, and to see Colonel Gwyn achieve success where he had achieved only the most miserable of failures.

He felt that he was as foolish as a man who had built for himself a house of cards, and had hoped to dwell in it happily for the rest of his life, whereas the fabric had not survived the breath of the first breeze that had swept down upon it.

He felt that, after the example which he had just had of the diabolical cunning of the man with whom he had been contesting, it would be worse than useless for him to hope to be of any help to Mary Horneck. He had already wasted more than a week of valuable time. He could, at least, prevent any more being wasted by going to Mary and telling her how great a mistake she had made in being over-generous to him. She should never have made such a friend of him. Dr. Johnson had been right when he said that he, Oliver Goldsmith, had taken advantage of the gracious generosity of the girl and her family. He felt that it was his vanity that had led him to undertake on Mary's behalf a task for which he was utterly unsuited; and only the smallest consolation was allowed to him in the reflection that his awaking had come before it was too late. He had not been led away to confess to Mary all that was in his heart. She had been saved the unhappiness which that confession would bring to a nature so full of feeling as hers. And he had been saved the mortification of the thought that he had caused her pain.

The dawn was embroidering with its floss the early foliage of the trees of the Temple before he went to his bed-room, and another hour had passed before he fell asleep.

He did not awake until the clock had chimed the hour of ten, and he found that his man had already brought to the table at his bedside the letters which had come for him in the morning. He turned them over with but a languid amount of interest. There was a letter from Griffiths, the bookseller; another from Garrick, relative to the play which Goldsmith had promised him; a third, a fourth, and a fifth were from men who begged the loan of varying sums

for varying periods. The sixth was apparently, from its shape and bulk, a manuscript—one of the many which were submitted to him by men who called him their brother-poet. He turned it over, and perceived that it had not come through the post. That fact convinced him that it was a manuscript, most probably an epic poem, or perhaps a tragedy in verse, which the writer might think he could get accepted at Drury Lane by reason of his friendship with Garrick.

He let this parcel lie on the table until he had dressed, and only when at the point of sitting down to breakfast did he break the seals. The instant he had done so he gave a cry of surprise, for he found that the parcel contained a number of letters addressed in Mary Horneck's handwriting to a certain Captain Jackson at a house in the Devonshire village where she had been staying the previous summer.

On the topmost letter there was a scrap of paper, bearing a scrawl from Mrs. Abington—the spelling as well as the writing was hers—

"Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps." These are a few feathers plucked from our hawke, hoping that they will be a feather in the capp of dear Dr. Goldsmith."

CHAPTER XXVI.

He was so greatly amazed he could only sit looking mutely at the scattered letters on the table in front of him. He was even more amazed at finding them there than he had been the night before at not finding them in the wallet which he had taken from Jackson's waistcoat. He thought he had arrived at a satisfactory explanation as to how he had come to find within the wallet the sheets of manuscript which he had had in his hand on entering the supper-room; but how was he to account for the appearance of the letters in this parcel which he had received from Mrs. Abington?

So perplexed was he that he failed for some time to grasp the truth—to appreciate what was meant by the appearance of those letters on his table. But so soon as it dawned upon him that they meant safety and happiness to Mary, he sprang from his seat and almost shouted for joy. She was saved. He had checkmated the villain who had sought her ruin and who had the means to accomplish it, too. It was his astuteness that had caused him to go to Mrs. Abington and ask for her help in accomplishing the task with which he had been entrusted. He had, after all, not been mistaken in applying to a woman to help him to defeat the devilish scheme of a pitiless ruffian, and Mary Horneck had not been mistaken when she had singled him out to be her champion, though all men and most women would have ridiculed the idea of his assuming the rôle of a knight-errant.

His elation at that moment was in proportion to his depression, his despair, his humiliation when he had last been in his room. His nature knew nothing but extremes. Before retiring to his chamber in the early morning he had felt that life contained nothing but misery for him; but now he felt that a future of happiness was in store for him—his imagination failed to set any limits to the possibility of his future happiness. He laughed at the thought of how he had resolved to go to Mary and advise her to intrust her cause to Colonel Gwyn. The thought of Colonel Gwyn convulsed him just now. With all his means, could Colonel Gwyn have accomplished all that he, Oliver Goldsmith, had accomplished?

He doubted it. Colonel Gwyn might be a good sort of fellow in spite of his formal manner, his army training, and his incapacity to see a jest, but it was doubtful if he could have brought to a successful conclusion so delicate an enterprise as that which he—Goldsmith—had accomplished. Gwyn would most likely have scorned to apply to Mrs. Abington to help him, and that was just where he would have made a huge mistake. Any man who thought to get the better of the devil without the aid of a woman was a fool. He felt more strongly convinced of the truth of this as he stood with his back to the fire in his grate than he had been when he had found the wallet containing only his own manuscript. The previous half-hour had naturally changed his views of man and woman and Providence and the world.

When he had picked up the letters and locked them in his desk, he ate some breakfast, wondering all the while by what means Mrs. Abington had obtained those precious writings; and after giving the matter an hour's thought, he came to the conclusion that she must have felt the wallet in the pocket of the man's cloak when she had left the table pretending to be shocked at the disloyal expressions of her guest—she must have felt the wallet and have contrived to extract the letters from it, substituting for them the sham act of the play which excused his entrance to the supper-room.

The more he thought over the matter, the more convinced he became that the wily lady had effected her purpose in the way he conjectured. He recollected that she had been for a considerable time on the chair with the cloak—much longer than was necessary for Jackson to drink the reasonable toast; and when she returned to the table, it was only to turn him out of the room upon a very shallow pretext. What a fool he had been to fancy that she was in a genuine passion when she had flung her glass of wine in the face of her guest because he had addressed her as Mrs. Baddeley!

He had been amazed at the anger displayed by her in regard to that particular incident, but later he had thought it possible that she had acted the part of a jealous woman to give him a better chance of getting the wallet out of the man's waistcoat pocket. Now, however, he clearly perceived that her anxiety was to get out of the room in order to place the letters beyond the man's hands.

Once again he laughed, saying out loud—

"Ah, I was right—a woman's wiles only are superior to the strategy of a devil!"

Then he became more contemplative. The most joyful hour of his life was at hand. He asked himself how his dear Jessamy Bride would receive the letters which he was about to take to her. He did not think of himself in connection with her gratitude. He left himself altogether out of consideration in this matter. He only thought of how the girl's face would lighten—how the white roses which he had last seen on her cheeks would change to red when he put the letters into her hand, and she felt that she was safe.

That was the reward for which he looked. He knew that he would feel bitterly disappointed if he failed to see the change of the roses on her face—if he failed to hear her fill the air with the music of her laughter. And then—

the orators—quite reckless, if you will permit me to say so much."

The man smiled somewhat grimly.

"If he had not been utterly reckless he would not be in England to-day," said Baretti. "Like myself, he is compelled to face your detestable climate on account of some indiscreet references to the Italian Government, which he would certainly repeat to-morrow were he back again."

"It brings me back to Tuscany once more to see your face, Signor Nicolo," said Goldsmith. "Yes, though your Excellency had not so much of a beard and mustacio when I saw you some years ago."

"Nay, Sir, nor was your Lordship's coat quite so admirable then as it is now, if I am not too bold to make so free a comment, Sir," said the man with another grim smile.

"You are not quite right, my friend," laughed Goldsmith; "for if my memory serves me—and it does so usually on the matter of dress—I had no coat whatsoever to my back—that was of no importance in Pisa, where the air was full of patriotism."

"The most dangerous epidemic that could occur in any

"Come, Sir," he continued, "I submitted to your insults last night because I had a purpose to carry out; but I promise you that I give you no such license in my own house. Take your carcase away, Sir, my friends have fastidious nostrils."

Jackson's face became purple and then white. His lips receded from his gums until his teeth were seen as the teeth of a wolf when it is too cowardly to attack.

"You cur!" he said through his set teeth. "I don't know what prevents me from running you through the body."

"Do you not? I do," said Goldsmith. He had taken the second bottle of wine off the table, and was toying with it in his hands.

"Come, Sir," said the bully after a pause; "I don't wish to go to Sir John Fielding for a warrant for your arrest for stealing my property, but, by the Lord, if you don't hand over those letters to me now I will not spare you. I shall have you taken into custody as a thief before an hour has passed."

"Go to Sir John, my friend, and tell him that Dick Jackson, American spy, is anxious to hang himself, and mention that one Oliver Goldsmith has at hand the rope



With a curiously tricky turn of the wrist, the master cut off the right sleeve of the man's coat close to his shoulder, and drew it in a flash over his sword.

then she would be happy for evermore, and he would be happy through witnessing her happiness.

He finished dressing, and was in the act of going to his desk for the letters, which he hoped she would soon hold in her hand, when his servant announced two visitors. Signor Baretti, accompanied by a tall and very thin man, entered. The former greeted Goldsmith, and introduced his friend, who was a compatriot of his own, named Nicolo.

"I have not forgotten the matter which you honoured me by placing in my hands," said Baretti. "My friend Nicolo is a master of the art of fencing as practised in Italy in the present day. He is under the impression, singular though it may seem, that he spoke to you more than once during your wanderings in Tuscany."

"And now I am sure of it," said Nicolo in French. He explained that he spoke French rather better than English. "Yes, I was a student at Pisa when Dr. Goldsmith visited that city. I have no difficulty in recognising him."

"And I, for my part, have a conviction that I have seen your face, Sir," said Goldsmith, also speaking in French; "I cannot, however, recall the circumstances of our first meeting. Can you supply the deficiency in my memory, Sir?"

"There was a students' society that met at the Boccaleone," said Signor Nicolo.

"I recollect it distinctly, Figli della Torre, you called yourselves," said Goldsmith quickly. "You were one of

country," said Baretti. "There is no Black Death that has claimed so many victims. We are examples—Nicolo and I. I am compelled to teach Italian to a brewer's daughter, and Nicolo is willing to transform the most clumsy Englishman—and there are a good number of them, too—into an expert swordsman in twelve lessons—yes, if the pupil will but practise sufficiently afterwards."

"We need not talk of business just now," said Goldsmith. "I insist on my old friends sharing a bottle of wine with me. I shall drink to 'patriotism,' since it is the means of sending to my poor room two such excellent friends as the Signori Baretti and Nicolo."

He rang the bell, and gave his servant directions to fetch a couple of bottles of the old Madeira which Lord Clare had recently sent to him—very recently, otherwise three bottles out of the dozen would not have remained.

The wine had scarcely been uncorked when the sound of a man's step was heard upon the stairs, and in a moment Captain Jackson burst into the room.

"I have found you, you rascal!" he shouted, swaggering across the room to where Goldsmith was seated. "Now, my good fellow, I give you just one minute to restore to me those letters which you abstracted from my pocket last night."

"And I give you just one minute to leave my room, you drunken blackguard," said Goldsmith, laying a hand on the arm of Signor Nicolo, who was in the act of rising.

that will rid the world of one of its greatest scoundrels," said Goldsmith.

Jackson took a step or two back, and put his hand to his sword. In a second both Baretti and Nicolo had touched the hilts of their weapons. The bully looked from the one to the other, and then laughed harshly.

"My little poet," he said in a mocking voice, "you fancy that because you have got a letter or two you have drawn my teeth. Let me tell you for your information that I have something in my possession that I can use as I meant to use the letters."

"And I tell you that if you use it, whatever it is, by God I shall kill you, were you thrice the scoundrel that you are!" cried Goldsmith, leaping up.

There was scarcely a pause before the whistle of the man's sword through the air was heard; but Baretti gave Goldsmith a push that sent him behind a chair, and then quietly interposed between him and Jackson.

"Pardon me, Sir," said he, bowing to Jackson, "but we cannot permit you to stick an unarmed man. Your attempt to do so in our presence my friend and I regard as a grave affront to us."

"Then let one of you draw!" shouted the man. "I see that you are Frenchmen, and I have cut the throat of a good many of your race. Draw, Sir, and I shall add you to the Frenchies that I have sent to hell."

"Nay, Sir, I wear spectacles, as you doubtless perceive,"

said Baretto. "I do not wish my glasses to be smashed; but my friend here, though a weaker man, may possibly not decline to fight with so contemptible a ruffian as you undoubtedly are."

He spoke a few words to Nicolo in Italian, and in a second the latter had whisked out his sword and had stepped between Jackson and Baretto, putting quietly aside the fierce lunge which the former made when Baretto had turned partly round.

"Briccone! assassin!" hissed Baretto. "You saw that he meant to kill me, Nicolo," he said addressing his friend in their own tongue.

"He shall pay for it," whispered Nicolo, pushing back a chair with his foot until Goldsmith lifted it and several other pieces of furniture out of the way, so as to make a clear space in the room.

"Don't kill him, friend Nicolo," he cried. "We used to enjoy a sausage or two in the old days at Pisa. You can make sausage-meat of a carcass without absolutely killing the beast."

The fencing-master smiled grimly, but spoke no word.

Jackson seemed puzzled for a few moments, and Baretto roared with laughter, watching him hang back. The laugh of the Italian—it was not melodious—acted as a goad upon him. He rushed upon Nicolo, trying to beat down his guard, but his antagonist did not yield a single inch. He did not even cease to smile as he parried the attack. His expression resembled that of an indulgent chess-player when a lad who has airily offered to play with him opens the game.

After a few minutes' fencing, during which the Italian declined to attack, Jackson drew back and lowered the point of his sword.

"Take a chair, Sir," said Baretto, grinning. "You will have need of one before my friend has finished with you."

Goldsmith said nothing. The man had grossly insulted him the evening before, and he had made Mary Horneck wretched; but he could not taunt him now that he was at the mercy of a master-swordsman. He watched the man breathing hard and then nerve himself for another attack upon the Italian.

His second attempt to get Nicolo within the point of his sword was no more successful than his first. He was no despicable fencer, but his antagonist could afford to play with him. The sound of his hard breathing was a contrast to the only other sound in the room the grating of steel against steel.

Then the smile upon the sallow face of the fencing-master seemed gradually to vanish. He became more than serious—surely his expression was one of apprehension. Goldsmith became somewhat excited. He grasped Baretto by the arm, as one of Jackson's thrusts passed within half an inch of his antagonist's shoulder, and for the first time Nicolo took a hasty step back, and in doing so barely succeeded in protecting himself against a fierce lunge of the other man.

It was now Jackson's turn to laugh. He gave a contemptuous chuckle as he pressed forward to follow up his advantage. He did not succeed in touching Nicolo, though he went very close to him more than once, and now it was plain that the Italian was greatly exhausted. He was breathing hard, and the look of apprehension on his face had increased until it had actually become one of terror. Jackson did not fail to perceive this, and malignant triumph was in every feature of his face. Anyone could see that he felt confident of tiring out the visibly fatigued Italian, and Goldsmith, with staring eyes, once again clutched Baretto.

Baretto's yellow skin became wrinkled up to the meeting place of his wig and forehead in smiles.

"I should like the third button of his coat for a memento, Sandrino," said he.

In an instant there was a quivering flash through the air, and the third paste button off Jackson's coat indented the wall just above Baretto's head and fell at his feet, a scrap of the satin of the coat flying behind it like the little pennon on a lance.

"Heavens!" whispered Goldsmith.

"Ah, friend Nicolo was always a great humorist," said Baretto. "For God's sake, Sandrino, throw them high into the air. The rush of that last was like a bullet."

Up to the ceiling flashed another button, and fell back upon the coat from which it was torn.

And still Nicolo fenced away with that look of apprehension still on his face.

"That is his fun," said Baretto. "Oh, body of Bacchus! A great humorist!"

The next button that Nicolo cut off with the point of his sword he caught in his left hand and threw to Goldsmith, who also caught it.

The look of triumph vanished from Jackson's face. He drew back, but his antagonist would not allow him to lower his sword, but followed him round the room untiringly. He had ceased his pretence of breathing heavily, but apparently his right arm was tired, for he had thrown his sword into his left hand, and was now fencing from that side.

Suddenly the air became filled with floating scraps of silk and satin. They quivered to right and left, like butterflies settling down upon a meadow; they fluttered about by the hundred, making quite a pretty spectacle. Jackson's coat and waistcoat were in tatters, and with such consummate dexterity did the fencing-master cut the pieces out of both garments, Goldsmith utterly failed to see the sword-play that produced so amazing a result. Nicolo seemed to be fencing pretty much as usual.

And then a curious incident occurred, for the front part of one of the man's pockets being cut away, a packet of letters, held against the lining by a few threads of silk, became visible; and in another moment Nicolo had spitted them on his sword, and laid them on the table in a single flash. Goldsmith knew by the look that Jackson cast at them that they were the batch of letters which he had received in the course of his traffic with the American rebels.

"Come, Sandrino," said Baretto, affecting to yawn. "Finish the rascal off, and let us get to that excellent bottle of Madeira which awaits us. Come, Sir, the carrion is not worth more than you have given him; he has kept us from our wine too long already."

With a curiously tricky turn of the wrist, the master cut off the right sleeve of the man's coat close to his shoulder, and drew it in a flash over his sword. The disclosing of the man's naked arm and the hiding of the

The ruffian turned upon him in a fury.

"Look to yourself, you foreign hound!" he said, his face becoming livid, and his lips receding from his mouth so as to leave his wolf-fangs bare as before. "Look to yourself. You broke my sword after luring me on to be made a fool of for your sport. Look to yourself!"

"Turn that rascal into the street, John," cried Goldsmith, and John hustled forward. There was fighting in the air. If it came to blows he flattered himself that he could give an interesting exhibition of his powers—not quite so showy, perhaps, as that given by the Italian, but one which he was certain was more English in its style.

"No one shall lay a hand on me," said Jackson. "Do you fancy that I am anxious to remain in such a company?"

"Come, Sir; you are in my charge now," said John, hustling him to the door. "Come—out with you—sharp!"

In the room they heard the sound of the man descending the stairs slowly and painfully. They became aware of his pause in the lobby below to put on the coat which John had given to him, and a moment later they saw him walk in the direction of the Temple lodge.

Then Goldsmith turned to Signor Nicolo, who was examining one of the prints that Hogarth had presented to his early friend, who had hung them on his wall.

"You came at an opportune moment, my friend," said he. "You have not only saved my life, you have afforded me such entertainment as I never have known before. Sir, you are certainly the greatest living master of your art."

"The best swordsman is the best patriot," said Baretto.

"That is why so many of your countrymen live in England," said Goldsmith.

"Alas! yes," said Nicolo. "Happily you Englishmen are not good patriots, or you would not be able to live in England."

"I am not an Englishman," said Goldsmith. "I am an Irish patriot, and therefore I find it more convenient to live out of Ireland. Perhaps it is not good patriotism to say, as I do, 'Better to live in England than to starve in Ireland.' And talking of starving, Sirs, reminds me that my dinner-hour is nigh. What say you, Signor Nicolo? What say you, Baretto? Will you honour me with your company to dinner at the Crown and Anchor an hour hence? We shall chat over the old days at Pisa and the prospects of the Figli della Torre, Signor Nicolo. We cannot stay here, for it will take my servant and Mrs. Ginger a good two hours to sweep up the fragments of that rascal's garments. Lord! what a patchwork quilt Dr. Johnson's friend Mrs. Williams could make if she were nigh!"

"Patchwork should not only be made, it should be used by the blind," said Baretto. "Touching the dinner you so hospitably propose, I have no engagement for to-day, and I dare swear that Nicolo has none either."

"He has taken part in one engagement, at least," said Goldsmith.

"And I am now at your service," said the fencing-master.

They went out together, Goldsmith with the precious letters in his pocket—the second batch he put in the place of Mary Horneck's in his desk—and, parting at Fleet Street, they agreed to meet at the Crown and Anchor in an hour.

(To be continued.)

GOLD COMMUNION PLATE FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The beautiful service of gold plate for the Communion table of St. Paul's Cathedral which Mr. E. Terah Hooley has presented to the Dean and Chapter in commemoration of her Majesty's attainment of the longest reign in English history, is to consist of two flagons, four chalices, and four patens, all of pure gold. We give an illustration of each of the vessels, which are being made, in Renaissance style, by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street. The decorations are in high relief, richly modelled and chased, the most prominent features of the design being the symbolical vines and the cherub figures associated with the ecclesiastical art of the period, and much in evidence in the decorative scheme of St. Paul's. The Crosses on the cover of the flagons are facsimile models of that which surmounts the Cathedral dome. As a patriotic Churchman, Mr. Hooley wishes St. Paul's Cathedral to possess the finest set of Communion plate in the world, and he has taken pains to ensure this distinction for his offering. The new vessels will be used for the first time at the solemn service which is to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession, and which her Majesty will attend in State.



GOLD COMMUNION PLATE PRESENTED TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BY MR. E. T. HOOLEY, AS A THANK-OFFERING FOR THE SIXTY YEARS OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

greater part of his weapon were comical in the extreme; and with an oath Jackson dropped his sword and fell in a heap upon the floor, thoroughly exhausted.

Baretto picked up the sword, broke the blade across his knee, and flung the pieces into a corner, the tattered sleeve still entangled in the guard.

"John," shouted Goldsmith to his servant, who was not far off. (He had witnessed the duel through the key-hole of the door until it became too exciting, and then he had put his head into the room.) "John, give that man your oldest coat. It shall never be said that I turned a man naked out of my house." When John Eyles had left the room, Oliver turned to the half-naked, panting man. "You are possibly the most contemptible bully and coward alive," said he. "You did not hesitate to try and accomplish the ruin of the sweetest girl in the world, and you came here with intent to murder me because I succeeded in saving her from your clutches. If I let you go now, it is because I know that in these letters, which I mean to keep, I have such evidence against you as will hang you whenever I see fit to use it, and I promise you to use it if you are in this country at the end of two days. Now, leave this house, and thank my servant for giving you his coat, and this gentleman"—he pointed to Nicolo—"for such a lesson in fencing as, I suppose, you never before received."

The man rose, painfully and laboriously, and took the coat with which John Eyles returned. He looked at Goldsmith from head to foot.

"You contemptible cur!" he said, "I have not yet done with you. You have now stolen the second packet of letters; but, by the Lord, if one of them passes out of your hands it will be avenged. I have friends in pretty high places, let me tell you."

"I do not doubt it," said Baretto. "The gallows is a high enough place for you and your friends."



Fred W. Burton

TO THE RESCUE!

By Fred W. Burton.

LITERATURE.

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S NEW NOVEL.

What George Eliot says of a certain style of cap—that it was so long out of fashion as to be probably upon the brink of coming in again—might as truly be said of fashions in literature, which also have their cycles. The historical novel, for instance, has come round full circle, and promises upon its reappearance to show even more vigour and vitality than when it was last in vogue. Mr. Conan Doyle's return to this field in *Rodney Stone* (Smith, Elder and Co.) is a really brilliant success in spite of its "machinery"—its indelible murder-stain, secret chamber, sliding panels, and living spectre—which neither thrill nor puzzle us. It is not, however, to these cheap and transparent mysteries that the novel owes its unrelaxing grip upon our interest, but to its singularly vivid and vigorous presentation of the days of the First Gentleman of Europe, of whom at one moment you might say, "If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find him the best king of good fellows," and at another moment that his fellowship was with the "welshers" of the racecourse and with the roughs and ruffians of the prize-ring. It is a relief to remember, what Mr. Conan Doyle does not let us forget, that his claim to being the First Gentleman of Europe was emphatically disallowed by the first gentlemen of England. "He claims to be the First Gentleman of England, but the gentlemen of England have responded by blackballing his friends at their clubs, and by warning him off from Newmarket under suspicion of having tampered with a horse." One, at least, of the little senate to whom the Prince gave laws upon deportment would have carried off the suffrages of both these tribunals—"Buck Tregellis," the most admirably drawn of all the portraits in "*Rodney Stone*." On the surface a mere—

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
but beneath the surface a Bayard in his fearlessness and stainlessness. He is the chief among the heroes of the book—for its heroism is in commission—and the centre of all the scenes which suspend our breath and stir our blood. Certainly the two prize-ring scenes, and that of the Brighton to London road-race, are as stirring as any in recent fiction. In the description of these scenes, and, indeed, in all the chapters of the novel, except that in which its mysteries are solved, Mr. Conan Doyle writes in a style almost as sinewy and supple as Thackeray's; and when he treats, as he promises to treat, Nelson's victories, instead of the brutal and brutalising victories of the prize-ring, this nervous style will stand him in good stead. We hope that in this promised novel he will not dispense with the love-motif, which is so entirely lacking in "*Rodney Stone*" as to make it distinctively a man's book, but a singularly virile man's book.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Recent symptoms of trouble in the final establishment of direct French colonial rule in the central position of Madagascar, where the Ilova kingdom was overthrown not long ago by a military expedition at the cost of four or five millions sterling and four or five thousand lives of French soldiers, might add to the interest of a book on that island. But while the merits of this book—*Madagascar Before the Conquest*. By the Rev. James Sibree. (T. Fisher Unwin)—which is the third written by its author during his thirty years' residence in the country as an agent of the London Missionary Society, must be acknowledged by students of ethnology and anthropology, readers who care more for materials to form an estimate of the value of the new French dominion and of the ways by which it has been gained and by which it may be improved will here get no fresh information. Apparently the volume is made up of special treatises contributed long ago to different publications of limited circulation. These essays and descriptive reports afford much curious and accurate information concerning the Ilova nation, its probable affinities of race, language, manners and customs and habits, as well as the territory which it actually inhabits, which is that called Imerina, an elevated plateau, about one hundred miles long and seventy miles wide, in the interior of Madagascar. The task of effectually subduing the more extensive southern and western parts, where the Betsileo and Sakalava tribes are practically independent, has not yet been attempted. As for the Ilovas, a semi-civilised people of considerable natural intelligence, and capable, doubtless, in some degree of adopting the social institutions and industrial practices of Christendom, along with its religion, Mr. Sibree's account of them is highly interesting; and it may safely be relied upon as the standard work upon this subject.

A woman never writes with such vigour, verve, and vehemence as when she turns Queen's evidence against her sex, and Miss Gertrude Warden in her surprisingly, and even surpassingly, clever novel, *The Sentimental Sex* (John Lane), lets herself go upon the subject of her sisters. She is sufficiently bitter and clever in her portrait of "the sentimental sex"—the male, of course—but about it she occasionally and inevitably blunders. "The Noble Savage," for instance, who plays hero priggishly and poorly, would most certainly have rushed in upon the scoundrel he surprised in the embrace of his wife, instead of slinking feebly away with the Becky Sharp of the piece. Again, as Miss Warden evidently expects us

to weep over his suicide, she cannot possibly have realised the repellent impression he makes upon the reader. Only a Griselda could have endured such a bore, boor and egotist. But Miss Warden's women are perfect—of their kind. They represent, however, but one of the three classes into which the French novelist divides the entire sex—household angels, vestal virgins, and bad lots. It is true that the heroine claims to have been intended by nature to belong to the vestal virgin category, but her passionate enjoyment of the kisses of a scoundrel, who had years before deliberately wrecked her life, effectually disposes of her claim. It is only to herself, however, of all her sex, that the heroine is unduly indulgent. "I don't like," she says of women, "their humbug, their shiftiness, their small-mindedness; I don't like their coarseness when they know the world, and their inanity when they don't; I don't like their conceit, their cocksureness, and their intense egotism, their narrow views and tedious conventionality. I hate them when they are emancipated and ugly and noisily self-assertive; and I distrust them when they are pretty and sympathetic and painted." There are such women, though all women are not such, and seldom has the minority thus described been as cleverly and caustically portrayed as in this most promising of first novels.

Gorillas and Chimpanzees (Osgood) is the latest work of Mr. R. L. Garner, the gentleman who lays claim to having mastered the speech of apes and monkeys. As, perhaps, many will remember, he spent some months caged in the gorilla country, an African region lying to the north of the



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XIX.—DR. CONAN DOYLE.

Dr. Conan Doyle, whose new romance, "*Rodney Stone*," is reviewed in these columns, is a grandson of John Doyle, the famous caricaturist. Born in Edinburgh thirty-seven years ago, he spent the earlier years of his education at Stonyhurst and in Germany, and eventually became a medical student at Edinburgh University. For some eight years from 1882 he practised as a doctor at Southsea, but his growing reputation as a writer of fiction ultimately led him to abandon the medical profession for that of literature, his future being already assured by the success of "*A Study in Scarlet*," "*The Sign of Four*," and other powerful detective stories, and of his two notable historical novels, "*Micah Clarke*," and "*The White Company*." As a writer of detective fiction, Dr. Doyle has since won a unique position with his "*Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*," and has secured a more lasting reputation by his return to the field of romance in "*The Refugees*" and "*Rodney Stone*." He is also the author of a striking one-act play, "*A Story of Waterloo*," produced by Sir Henry Irving.

mouth of the Congo, in order to study the speech of the great apes at home. He was totally unsuccessful in his approaches to wild animals, but was able to carry out his studies on captive specimens acquired from traders. In all probability Professor Garner would be the last to claim scientific accuracy for his reports. He is evidently totally unaware of the elaborate investigations of Darwin, Romanes, and Fischer into the psychology of the ape. The book is, for the greater part, taken up by a loose and popular description of the habits of three baby chimpanzees, very inappropriately styled "*Moses*," "*Aaron*," and "*Elisheba*." He gives also a short account of the structure of the great apes, which shows a marvellous ignorance of their anatomy. As is well known, these animals have tear-glands and ducts well developed, but the Professor makes the extraordinary statement that apes cannot weep because the lachrymal apparatus is quite wanting. He describes their great, flat, bar-like breastbone as a "thin, soft bone to which the ribs are attached," and so on. The Professor, however, is very sound and emphatic on the theory of descent. He says, "The common opinion that man has descended from, or is related by consanguinity to, a monkey is silly and absurd. Science has never taught such folly." What have the Darwinists to say to that?

A LITERARY LETTER.

Some people at Oxford have curious notions of ethics, in spite of the many ethical students which that University has turned out. A circular has just come into my hand which bears the names of Professor Robinson Ellis, Mr. F. C. Conybeare, Miss Toulmin Smith, and Mrs. E. R. Wharton. These good people are proposing a testimonial to Mr. J. S. Cotton, who has recently retired from the editorship of the *Academy*. That is a most meritorious proceeding. Anyone who has lived the journalistic life does not need to be told of its pathetic uncertainty. Within quite recent memory three journalists so gifted as Mr. E. T. Cook, Mr. Harry Cust, and Mr. W. E. Henley have found themselves stranded for the moment by the whims of newspaper proprietors. It behoves those of us, therefore, who are journalists, when the buying and selling of newspapers has become one of the most fashionable branches of commerce, to deal with abundant kindness and sympathy with any case that comes under notice.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cotton's removal from the *Academy*, when that journal changed proprietors, need not be made a matter of false statement, and there are at least two very pronounced perversions in the circular before me. The circular in question opens with the following statement: "*The 'Academy' having now abandoned to a great extent the objects with which it was founded in 1869, and the principle of signed articles which was its essential characteristic, Mr. J. S. Cotton, who has conducted it for the last sixteen years, has resigned the office of Editor.*"

This obviously means to imply that Mr. Cotton resigned the editorship of the paper because it had abandoned its earlier methods of journalism. Is it possible that the signatories to the circular did not know that this was not the case? They must surely have known that Mr. Cotton's resignation was a foregone conclusion when the paper changed proprietors, and that he assisted in the negotiations. Not content with this statement, however, they go on to refer to the great blow to research which "its cessation cannot fail to be," plainly implying that the *Academy* no longer exists. Anyone who looks at the current number, with its quite exceptional abundance of publishers' advertisements, will see that, so far from being dead, the journal is, in the opinion of those most concerned, taking to itself a new lease of life.

That question of "research" as applied to a purely literary journal is necessarily a very difficult one. We no longer possess the great scholars who were the joy of Mark Pattison's existence, but we do possess a band of enthusiasts in every branch of science and of the arts who itch to write, and do write, with painful dullness. The bores of Orientalism, of folklore, of "all the mythologies," are known to us. A paper devoted to them is, no doubt, a good thing, but it will not and does not pay, and should be run at the expense of the contributors. The *Academy*, with Mr. John Morgan Richards as proprietor and Mr. Lewes Hind as editor, should very easily be made to pay, and personally I have not much sympathy with journalism on any other basis.

This is not to say that I think the *Academy* entirely satisfactory. Provided the "names" are good enough, I like to see names attached to reviews. The review of Mr. Kipling's ballads in a recent number of the *Academy* was, I believe, by Mrs. Meynell, and the review of Mr. Spencer's "*Synthetic Philosophy*," in the last issue, by Mr. St. George Mivart. It would have widened the interest in these articles had their authorship been avowed.

I have received an early copy of Mr. Heinemann's edition of the Works of Lord Byron. There are to be four volumes of the Letters and Memoirs and six volumes of the Poems. The first volume, consisting of letters, is beautifully produced, and Mr. W. E. Henley has provided a rich mine of learning for those interested in Byroniana, as the booksellers' catalogues now always call the books on the Byron cult. There are 290 pages of letters in this volume, and 180 pages of notes. I only know two cases of annotation to compare with this—Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "*Hume*" and Professor Masson's larger "*Milton*."

The *Chicago Tribune* prints the following—

There is a story to the effect that George Meredith's servants read all his books; but clearly that is an apocryphal tale which represents a housemaid meeting a sister wench on the stairs, and exclaiming in awestruck tones: "My eyes! That 'Dianar o' the Crossways'! Ain't she a stunner? There ain't been nothing as equals her since Lady Alphabet, the Mayfair Minx, in *Bow Bells*." Whereat, as a recent novelist would say, the grey-haired everlasting Ironies ogled at each other.

The Brontë Society holds its annual meeting in Bradford in January, when Dr. William Wright will give an address in which he will reply to those critics who assert that his book, "*The Brontës in Ireland*," is merely a collection of Irish fairy tales. By far the most effective criticism of Dr. Wright was by the Rev. Angus Mackay, in the *Westminster Review* for October 1895. In April of next year the Brontë Museum will open with an inaugural meeting at Haworth. C. K. S.



BITS OF OLD LONDON: THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN, FETTER LANE, SHORTLY TO BE PULLED DOWN.

THE COST OF DONGOLA.

The judgment of the Court of Appeal in the Egyptian Reserve Fund case concerned with the payment of the half-million pounds expended on the Dongola campaign was last week the occasion of considerable surprise. The



LORD CROMER.
BRITISH MINISTER-PLENIPOTENTIARY IN EGYPT.

position became a peculiarly anomalous one. The Court of Appeal of the Mixed Tribunals at Alexandria has condemned the Egyptian Government to refund, with interest, the half-million granted by a majority of the Commissioners of the Public Debt, and to pay all the costs of the legal proceedings, except those of the preliminary trial before the Court of First Instance, which are to be discharged by the British, German, Austro-Hungarian, and Italian Commissioners, as the representatives of the Caisse who authorised the employment of the money from the Reserve Fund. The Court of Appeal thus, to all intents and purposes, repeats the decision of the Cairo Court, save that it does not intrust the French and Russian Commissioners with the carrying out of its decree. This formal declaration that unanimity among the Commissioners of the Debt is absolutely essential for the authorising of payments from the Reserve Fund not only contradicts the principle of the terms on which the Commissioners were originally appointed, but, for the future, gives to the dissentient representative of any one of the six European Powers the ability to put a check upon the Egyptian

Government in defiance of the possibly unanimous policy of the five other Powers.

Such being the illogical outcome of a judgment of which the authority is open to doubt, Englishmen must feel considerable satisfaction in the prompt action of her Majesty's Government, which enabled the Khedive's Ministry to settle the question without further bickering. Lord Cromer, as British Minister in Egypt, offered, on behalf of her Majesty's Government, to advance as much of the half-million as the Egyptian Treasury should be unable to provide. The offer was at once accepted, and the Khedive's Government on Dec. 6 refunded the principal, with interest, to the Caisse, and at a meeting of the Council, at which the Khedive presided, an official vote of thanks was addressed to the British Government through Lord Cromer. Once more the Egyptian Government has found the value of British aid in its hour of need.

ART NOTES.

Thomas Bewick, although neither the inventor of a method nor even the founder of a school, well deserves the title of "The Master Engraver," bestowed upon him by Mr. John Eyre, and the picture by the latter is one of the most attractive in the present Exhibition of British Artists. We may suppose that Bewick has got back to Newcastle after his trip to London, and is settled at the Forth, near the old town wall. At the end of the last century Newcastle could still boast of a clear atmosphere, and Cherryburn, where his mother lived, was within easy reach. It was in his weekly walks across the fields that Bewick studied the land and sea birds which abounded on the Tyne estuary, and his friend Richard Wingate would bring him specimens he was stuffing for collection. We see him in this picture with the few implements his art needed expounding by precept and example its requirements to his apprentices, of whom Luke Clennell and Charlton Nesbit were the best qualified to hand on the teachings of the master engraver.

The pictures at the two Haymarket galleries, Messrs. Tooth's and McLean's, are far more easily classified apart than is often the case. Mr. McLean leans more especially upon the Dutch and German schools for support, his most promising aspirants to British patronage being M. H. J. Van der Weele, a follower of Israels; M. Hagemans, a careful painter of sheep and their surroundings; and M. G. Vastagh, a Hungarian animal-painter, who has already acquired considerable renown in his own country and in Vienna. Mr. C. Sainton makes another start or step in his "Angelus," in which the figures, although rather flat, are well drawn; and one sees again with pleasure Mr. Briton Rivière's "Circe," the picture with which five-and-twenty years ago he achieved his highest popularity.

At Messrs. Tooth's Gallery Lord Leighton's "Andromeda" is also an old favourite, but in its present condition it seems to have a greater harmony of colouring than in its former state. Time, however, will not modify the ungraceful head through which the monster is blowing off his feelings through a furnace-chimney. Signor Pradilla's "Surrender of the Keys of Granada," Mr. J. Pettie's "Izaak Walton," and Mr. Vicat Cole's "Summer Showers" are also old favourites which one is glad to see again; while M. W. Bouguereau, Herr Deutsch, and M. Meunier sustain the

reputation they have already earned by pictures more or less identical with those now exhibited.

With the picture "Rabboni," now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, Mr. Herbert Schmalz presumably intends to complete his "Trilogy" of the Resurrection. The subject can be guessed from the title, and the treatment from Mr. H. Schmalz's previous work in the same field. Whether any religious sentiment or devotional feeling is aroused by this and similar works is a point which each must answer for himself. At any rate, it fails to convey the naïveté and sensible childlike literalness with which the painters of religious pictures in olden times were wont to arouse the faith and piety of their contemporaries.

In a very different key has M. Dagnan-Bouveret conceived his rendering of "The Lord's Supper" (Goupil Gallery), which both from its treatment and execution deserves a foremost place among the religious pictures of the last half-century. The bare vaulted chamber, a table spread with a white cloth, on which are the remains of the



Photo Heyman, Cairo.
ABBAS PASHA, KHEWIVE OF EGYPT.

frugal meal, do not distract the eye from the real interest of the picture. Jesus, clothed in white, irradiating the whole group, is alone standing, raising the cup. Around Him are seated the Apostles. They are men of the people such as one may find in our own day, enthusiasts in a cause of which they have only learnt the rudiments. The figure of Judas Iscariot is one of singular power and meaning.



THE MASTER ENGRAVER, THOMAS BEWICK.—BY JOHN EYRE.
In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists.

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THE INDIAN FAMINE: THE HILL STATION OF KASAUJI, OVERLOOKING THE KALKA VALLEY.



THE WRECK OF THE CHAIN PIER AT BRIGHTON.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In my attempted comparison last week between English and Continental Parliamentary oratory, the name of M. Jaurès dropped, as a matter of course, from my pen, for although this name is as yet not very familiar to Englishmen, except to those who take a sustained interest in French politics, in France it is already felt that its bearer will have to be reckoned with sooner or later, probably sooner, which may mean at the next Ministerial crisis—if M. Faure should have his hand forced by a Socialistic combination. I have a rooted dislike to prophecy of any kind, but it is practically not prophesying at all to say that M. Jaurès will figure prominently in any Administration of extreme views.

Under such circumstances at least half-a-dozen lengthy and carefully written political biographies would be immediately forthcoming from as many influential London contemporaries. But the readers of those correctly worded articles would scarcely be wiser with regard to the man and the orator than they were before. Politics do not come within my province here; sketches and portraits do; and, moreover, M. Jaurès is more interesting to me as a man and as an orator than as a politician; in addition to this, I believe in the absolute honesty of M. Jaurès, just as I believed in the absolute want of honesty of many who preceded him in the same groove.

Unlike Clémenceau, who has temporarily disappeared; unlike the Comte de Mun, whom, almost instinctively, M. Jaurès seems to have singled out for his special adversary, the Socialist deputy has no advantages of face or stature to afford him the slightest aid. Curran, the Irish orator, who was plain indeed, said one day to Madame de Staël, "A man has the privilege to be ugly." "That's true," answered Necker's daughter, who was by no means a beauty herself; "that's true, but he should not carry the privilege too far." The author of "Corinne" was wrong: a man may carry the privilege of being ugly too far, provided he does it in the way Mirabeau and Crémieux did. Both were so phenomenally ugly that their ugliness constituted a kind of beauty, and it has often been argued by those who heard both speak—I only heard one—that the same speeches delivered by men passably good looking or not noticeably plain would have lost half of their effect.

M. Jaurès is below the middle height, and gives one the idea of being somewhat thick-set—stumpy, to use the popular locution. He is distinctly not high-shouldered, yet the lobes of his ears are scarcely, if ever, visible, and his eyes throw sparks, rather than dart flames. I should think it almost impossible for him to strike an attitude, even if he felt inclined to do so; he is evidently not inclined, and he is very sparing of gesture. I have within the last three or four years heard him speak a dozen times; I had heard him speak before. I will undertake to go to the Chamber, and after listening to him for one single moment, predict the next movement with which he is going to emphasise his speech. Anyone who had heard him speak only once could do the same, if he had observed carefully, for M. Jaurès' collection of gestures consists of only two; the first, a somewhat horizontal stretching of the right forearm with his index finger pointing to his audience; the second, a slight, but very slight, circular sweep of the same arm. His voice, though somewhat harsh, not to say guttural, reaches to the furthest corners of the topmost galleries; the occupants of the back seats of the gallery set apart for the foreign Press never need crane their necks; they can lean back comfortably, yet hear every word he says.

Is it worth while to listen thus attentively? Personally, I should say "yes," but then I happen to be cursed with a liking for flamboyant oratory. Irrespective of the cause which it defends or attacks, I would sooner read the immoral maxims of La Rochefoucauld for their wit than the platitudes of the late Martin Tupper for their morality. I suppose that this is a matter of temperament and literary education. M. Jaurès appeals to this education; for, though very ponderous now and again, in spite of his oratoricalness, in comparison with those whom I can hear in England, he is lightness itself in comparison with those to whom I have been obliged to listen for years at the Palais Bourbon.

M. Jaurès' oratory has another advantage over the ordinary Parliamentary speech: it is carefully prepared—some say almost too carefully; and when twitted with this some years ago, the speaker virtually pleaded guilty to the indictment. "I respect the Chamber too much not to prepare carefully what I have to say to it." This, I fancy, would always militate against M. Jaurès as a great public speaker in any other country but France, for between preparing the headings of one's discourse and the actual jotting down of every syllable of it, there is in my mind a vast difference, and whenever I hear M. Jaurès or M. de Mun stand up and hold forth for an hour or an hour and a half, knowing full well that this violent onslaught or that melting mood of sympathy has been committed to memory beforehand, I am inclined to vote the whole affair a vast piece of humbug. When, again, I am told that the man is honest, and am bound to believe he is, I ask myself and others what is the use of all this waste of time and breath which has never converted a soul, for I remember a story of Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue, when the latter joined him in the Chamber of Deputies in 1848. Sue, as a matter of course, took his seat on the first day by the side of the man with whom he felt the most political sympathy. Members generally keep these seats thus chosen; but when Sue found that Hugo never paid the least attention to the speeches, and kept writing or talking, he asked him how he managed to arrive at the opinion upon which his vote was based. "Do you see that little man there?" queried the poet; and on Sue's affirmative, he went on: "He does the listening for both of us. But he is in the opposite camp to mine; so when he votes with a blue ticket, I vote with a white, and the reverse."

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I believe there lies invested in Paris a very considerable sum of money which will be placed at the disposal of the scientist who is fortunate enough to invent or discover a means of communicating with other worlds than ours. An old lady, if I mistake not, left this legacy as a reward to the astronomer who shall succeed in establishing communication with, say, Mars, our Earth's nearest ally in the planetary family. I do not know whether or not Mr. Francis Galton has this prize in view, but his recent deliverance on the probability of placing ourselves *en rapport* with the Martians is well worthy of serious study. Mars will always be the favourite planet whereon such speculative thought may be exercised. It is like our Earth in respect of its possessing land and water; only Mars is an older orb, has less water than land, and, if Mr. Lowell's views be correct, the Martians must sometimes be pretty hard-up in the matter of a water-supply. He tells us that the canals are lines of irrigating channels and that their banks are crowded with vegetation, the growth and decline of the plants corresponding with the distinctness and faintness of outline respectively exhibited by the channels in question. Then Mars has an ice-cap at each pole, and that it has its storms and winds, is a matter of reasonable induction from the premisses just indicated.

Mr. Galton argues that a code system of signalling might possibly prove successful in enabling us to communicate with the far-off orb. Using light, a kind of Morse code with dots and dashes might be constructed. Assuming on the part of the Martians civilisation and intelligence of the kind exhibited by our noble selves, we might receive from Mars, says Mr. Galton, some such simple test information as the summation of numbers. If $2 + 2$ make 4 in Mars, this fact might be duly indicated by the dot-and-dash system. Who is to take the initiative is, of course, the crucial question, but it is evident that we ourselves should begin the experiment. Some millionaire might arrange for the construction of a huge signalling apparatus, such as might send forth to Mars at auspicious periods our ideas about simple things. Money spent in this way would be much more reasonably laid out than on the establishment of a racing stud, or in some allied amusement of fashionable existence. Mr. Galton shows further how a system of picture-writing might be elaborated if the simpler signals were comprehended. At least, he concludes that it is a perfectly feasible idea that between planets sufficiently near to one another, a code of communication might be established.

Talking of matters astronomical, one may hope for big things from the giant telescope of M. Deloncle, which I hear is to form a feature of the Paris Exhibition of 1900. This huge instrument will bring the moon within a very short distance indeed of the earth. It may naturally be employed in the further investigation of Mars. Here is another opening for the philanthropic millionaire for subsidising astronomical research. Will he rise to the occasion? *Nous verrons.*

In his researches into the constitution of Mars, Mr. Lowell has described certain oases or spots characterised by an immense growth of vegetation. There is one of these oases in which no fewer than nine of the "canals" of Mars meet, this point having received the name of "Trivium Charontis." These oases grow or alter with the canals, and, according to the new ideas already noted, their highest development is coincident with the maximum of plant-life. The "doubling" of the canals of Mars is still a *quæstio vexata* among astronomers. Lately, Flammarion announced that on Nov. 10 Trivium Charontis was seen to be doubled. If this is a correct observation, it will necessitate some revision of Lowell's views. It is evident that our information regarding Mars and its constitution is at present being largely extended; and this fact may well cause a feeling of satisfaction among all who wish well to the enlarging of the bounds of natural knowledge.

People who are by no means old will remember very well the boom in aquaria which marked the course of events twenty-five or thirty years ago. What has become of the aquaria from which so much was expected in the way of zoological study? I suppose the only establishments of this nature which are really scientific laboratories in the true sense of the term are such aquaria as those at Naples, Plymouth, St. Andrews, and elsewhere. The popular aquarium is dead and gone in so far as interest in its living stock is concerned. The Crystal Palace aquarium, which will be for ever associated with the name of Lloyd, still lingers, so does the Brighton establishment. That at Scarborough, like that at Westminster, is only an appendage to a popular variety entertainment, and an accidental appendage to boot. But at Amsterdam there is a very excellent aquarium with its duly supervised scientific side, while that at the Paris Trocadéro is, I am afraid, as decadent as that of Brighton, scientifically regarded. The Berlin aquarium is also a successful establishment. The history of aquaria seems to be a story of social evolution in one sense, leading us from the first idea of a marine zoological garden to that of the scientific laboratory. The public, it is evident, are not interested in marine life, but how much of this apathy is due to the fact that nobody ever seriously ventured to make clear and intelligible to the people the history of the animals shown in the tanks, is an open question.

The death of my friend Sir B. W. Richardson is a distinct loss to the cause which has at heart the diffusion of a knowledge of sanitary science among the people. Sir Benjamin laboured long and earnestly on the lines of George Combe's famous Trust in the direction of popularising hygiene. His researches in anaesthetics bear testimony to his purely scientific acumen, and especially to his chemical knowledge. He will be long missed at all gatherings of the nature of hygienic congresses, where his voice was as ready as his pen in the work of educating the people in "saving knowledge."

AN ENGLISH HUMORISTIC ARTIST.

MR. PHIL MAY AT HOME.

"Tis nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The world undoubtedly owes a great deal of gratitude to the humorists of pen and pencil, who have enabled us to appreciate the truth of our quotation. One of the latest recruits to the host of mirth-makers is, in some respects,



PHIL MAY.—BY HIMSELF.

one of the greatest and most original of them, for, striking as were the productions of such masters of humour in bygone times as Gillray, Rowlandson, Bunbury, and Cruikshank or Leech, their work, when compared with the artistic productions of Mr. Phil May, while revealing a power of humour which has seldom or never been equalled, points to the fact that humorous characterisation was in those times almost always allied to bad or grotesque delineation. A glance, for example, through the pages of *Punch* of only thirty years ago, or, in fact, at any of the humorous publications of that period, and a comparison with our latter-day publications, will suffice to convince the observer most devoid of art knowledge how much we have improved in this respect since those days. One thing is certain, that the observer of thirty years hence will not, from an artistic point of view, be able to take exception to the works of such masters of draughtsmanship as the late Charles Keene or



A MEMORY OF PAULUS, THE FRENCH COMIQUE.

Mr. Phil May, who have managed to combine the most excellent draughtsmanship with the most subtle forms of humour, and even caricature, without resorting to scurrility or the grotesque. How much of this improvement is due to the fact that our *fin-de-siècle* notions of humour have probably progressed with the times, as a result of the disappearance of the port wine days and their attendant heavy and rowdy ideas of wit, or to the great advancement of the processes of reproduction which has led to the decay of the art of wood-engraving, it may be difficult to decide, but one thing is certain, that whether taken from the standpoint of originality or draughtsmanship such work as that of Phil May shows a very decided and welcome advancement on the grotesque and ill-drawn caricatures of fifty years ago.

Of the many who look out week by week for Mr. May's amusing sketches there are probably few who have any conception of the amount of work their production entails, for it is difficult to realise after glancing at what is to all appearances only a hasty thumbnail sketch that it is a sort of transcription of a serious study from the life, every line of which has been carefully thought out; and it is in this respect that Mr. Phil May, while having, like other great men, many imitators, is, and probably always will be, without a serious rival, for it is one thing to imitate more or less badly, but quite another to create.

A visit to his studio in Holland Park Road reveals almost at a glance a serious side of the nature of the man, which would hardly be suspected from his outward appearance or the work by which he is known to the public. Bohemianism is undoubtedly its prevailing characteristic, for there is no "show" about "Phil"; and his surroundings, considering the large income his work must bring him in, are remarkably simple and unpretentious. A not over-large studio, with a small bed-room, sitting-room, and kitchen attached, constitute the entire premises of the great humorist and his charming wife. Nothing strikingly remarkable points to any particular hobby. A grand piano in the corner indicates a taste for music which is almost inseparable from an artistic temperament. An oak cabinet, a large couch, and a few anatomical casts here and there, and the usual miscellaneous paraphernalia of a studio help to fill up the place in what one might call among artists "the usual way." No easel and no unfinished paintings are to be seen—nothing but a working desk. "Phil" has no ambition to be a painter, he is content to "stick to his last," and the demand there is for his particular work is such as fully to justify him in his adherence to black and white, so the lists of the Royal Academy are never likely to be entered by him, at all events until the sacred Forty decide to extend their ægis to the masters of black-and-white art.

Although his sketches are by this time practically known all over the world, and eagerly looked for by thousands, it was but three short years ago that he came to the front in a single step, so to speak, when "The Painter and the Parson" appeared, and a comparatively unknown young man woke up to find himself famous; and in recording the fact, one cannot help remarking on its curiosity, for it seems well-nigh incredible that while Mr. May was doing what was practically as good work for many years previously on a comparatively well-known publication—namely, the *St. Stephen's Review*—he should have remained so long unappreciated and neglected by those who are now so eager for his slightest favours. This, however, is only the history of nearly all our most successful men. In many cases it seems to require an accident to enable them to become known. Sudden, however, as was his advent into popularity and its attendant prosperity, Mr. Phil May is unchanged. His demeanour is as unpretentious and modest as it was in the old days, and he is still "Phil" to all his friends, for he possesses the same generosity of character which is so noticeable in his sketches, where one never discerns the slightest trace of malice. There are few men who could have withstood such a flood of popularity and success, and yet have remained so modest. An interview with him, therefore, is not an easy matter, for, apart from his modest demeanour, "Phil" is a born humorist, and one has, so to speak, to be continually on one's guard, for there is no knowing what the merry twinkle in his eye may betoken. I had the advantage of once staying a few days with him in picturesque Newlyn, and was there able to realise that to be a humorist is, after all, only another name for being the very keenest observer of nature, and, in particular, the weakest side of it.

In the present instance my mission led me to his studio in Holland Park Road, where, as I have already explained, he leads a Bohemian existence which is thoroughly in unison



A STUDY AT THE CARD-TABLE.

with his tastes. In spite of the notice on the door, "No models wanted. Please do not knock," and the Argus eye of a looking-glass fastened so as to cover the door, I determined to take the chance of being told that Mr. Phil May was not at home. I was fortunate enough, however, to find him in.

"I hate being interviewed, old chap," was his reply, when I had explained the *raison d'être* of my early call, "but come in and have a smoke and a drink, and we will have a talk about that later on."

"Later on," I eventually discovered, meant after some hours had been passed in delightful but irrelevant conversation, which was constantly interrupted by the arrival of visitors, for Phil May is "Hail fellow, well met!" with all his friends, and it was only, as I soon perceived, possible to obtain any information from him about himself piecemeal.

"Have you been working very hard to-day," was almost my first interviewing query, noticing the sketches which littered the place.

"I never work very hard," was his reply. "Three hours a day at a stretch, at the utmost. Most of my time is occupied in strolling round the streets, taking mental notes, or even jotting down what strikes me."

In this, as in many other points Phil May is undoubtedly the Dickens of humorous art. But



A MODEL.



THE MUSICAL AMATEUR.

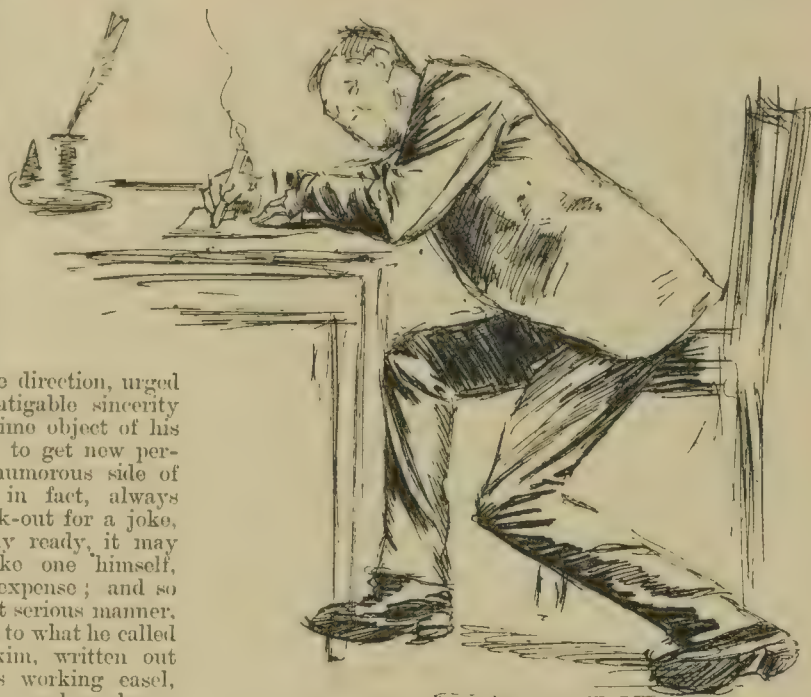
one of the indications of his thoroughness is his employment of a man for no other purpose than to procure him the models he has decided to make studies from, and this man's mission often necessarily takes him to the utmost limits of London. The well-known 'Arries and 'Arriets are not the outcome of a vivid imagination or even the result of notebook jottings, but the genuine article, studied with as much accuracy and attention to detail as would be requisite for a masterpiece of a great painter; and I was not surprised to learn that his models often cost him several pounds a day. Still a further indication of the serious way he takes his work, I was interested to discover, was the manner in which, after a day's work was over, he would spend hours, by way of recreation, making careful anatomical studies of the bones of the human frame, his great endeavour

being, I found, to draw straight away in pen-and-ink, without any deviation from the copy or necessity for any erasure. It is such work as this which to a certain extent explains the extraordinary facility of his touch and the accuracy of all his lines. While, however, he is constantly moving in this one direction, urged on by his indefatigable sincerity of purpose, the prime object of his life appears to be to get new perceptions of the humorous side of nature. He is, in fact, always keenly on the look-out for a joke, and always equally ready, it may be added, to make one himself, even at his own expense; and so when he, in a most serious manner, drew my attention to what he called his favourite maxim, written out by himself on his working easel, I naturally could scarcely make up my mind whether to take it seriously or as a joke. The lines, which he told me were translated from Goethe, were as follows—

"Lose this day loitering will be the same story to-morrow and the next more dilatory. Thus indecision brings its own delays, and days are lost lamenting for lost days. Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute. Boldness is genius, power and magic in it. Only engage, and then when mind grows heated, begin it and the work will be completed."

"It makes me good to read that occasionally," he exclaimed, with a grin, when I had read the above and looked at him inquiringly. After a few moments spent in trying to realise the subtle humour which might be contained in these few lines I came to the conclusion that they were beyond me.

Before I left I took the opportunity to ask his opinion on the humorists of the day. "The French," he replied, "I consider more sparkling in their humour than ourselves, but more questionable in their wit. I have the greatest admiration for such artists as Forain, Willette,

A COLLEAGUE AT WORK
SKETCHED BY A COLLEAGUE AT PLAY.

Le Grand, and Caran d'Ache, the latter more especially as a humorist apart from his draughtsmanship, which seems to me rather below the mark. What I like about the German artists is that their drawings, as is very well instanced in the work of Oberlander, are indispensable to the joke. This is not the case always in England, as you can see for yourself in any of our comic papers. For my own part, I always endeavour to do the drawing in such a way that it needs no explanation, and is not merely an illustration to the joke. For the greater part I think our English wits compare very favourably indeed with foreign ones."

"And where do you get all your innumerable jokes?" was my closing question.

"Well, I make up many of them myself; but, of course, lots of them are given to me. I make a practice of jotting down any I consider worthy of the name of joke upon my cuff, and as almost everyone thinks he has something more or less funny to tell me as soon as we meet, you may guess the state of my cuffs after a day's outing. The cuffs are carefully copied into a book by my wife before sending to the wash. Some of the jokes I get, however, are much more perplexing than useful. For instance, I remember one given me by a Frenchman not long ago who rushed up to me excitedly, exclaiming 'Here is a joke for you, Mr. Phil May. It will do splendidly well for your paper, the *Illustrated Graphic Budget*. Why was a mice when he was weaving a spider's web? You do not know, eh?'—after anxiously waiting for my reply a minute or two. 'You do not know, then? You give me up, eh? I will tell you—Because the more you lick him the faster!' Not wishing to wound the gentleman's feelings I carefully jotted it down, and many sleepless nights have been the result of my trying to unravel the mystery!"

JULIUS M. PRICE.



AT THE ACADEMY.



IN THE STUDIO.



SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: No. IX.—THE HOME OF THE PTARMIGAN.

THE NATIONAL CYCLE SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Show that is now being held at the Crystal Palace may well be called a World's Cycle Fair. Never to my knowledge have so many cycles been brought together under one roof. The Great Nave is a continuous double row of cycles, which also spread to the right and left under the dome. The galleries have had to be called into requisition, as well as many of the Egyptian and Roman Courts. The enormous industry that has been created in England by the never-ceasing demand for cycles from all parts of the world will be unmistakably brought under the notice of those visitors who will only give one moment's thought to the subject. From conversations I had with some of the leading manufacturers it was always the same story—"We cannot supply the demand!" Take, for instance, the celebrated New Premier Company, who booked in one order from Messrs. Lever Brothers, of Port Sunlight fame, a single order for 1260 machines at a cost of £37,000. Considering that there are 370 exhibitors, about half being cycle-manufacturers, an idea can be arrived at as to the amount of money invested in this gigantic trade.

No better place could have been selected for such a huge show than the Crystal Palace, as it lends itself to help the decorations. I cannot, however, agree with the secretary in his speech at the luncheon when he said that all the available space was occupied. I feel convinced that had the executive tried, they might have made temporary arrangements for the removal of the hideous penny toy stalls in favour of cycle exhibitors. It is owing to the said want of space that motor-cars are absent from the Show. Looking at the immense interest taken by the public in our future mode of travelling, I think it a pity to have excluded them. What strikes one in walking round the Show the first time is the uniformity of shape in all the cycles; there are a few novelties, but most of these deal with the propelling power, the saddle, the brake, and other component parts of the machine; the form remains practically the same. The one exception I noticed in this respect was to be seen on the stand of the Patent Bent-wood Cycle Company of Bristol. I cannot say that the shape is more beautiful in outline, but it is a new departure. Space will not permit of my giving a detailed account of all the exhibits; I therefore propose to deal only with some of the more important improvements and novelties, and I cannot do better than begin with the stand occupied by the New Premier Cycle Company. Premier by name and premier by make is what they claim, and with some right, as they are the largest cycle-makers in the world. To show the



THE NEW PREMIER COMPANY'S STAND.

tube. A beautiful model of a bicycle is their Royal Premier, as supplied to H.R.H. Princess Maud of Wales.

Bayliss, Thomas, and Company's was the next stand that attracted my attention. This old established firm keep up their reputation, and their imposing stand contains several improvements in their 1897 pattern machines. They supply the Patent Self-sealing Air Chamber for pneumatic tyres. Their detachable chain-wheel has been thoroughly tested, and given every satisfaction. In the patent bracket there is a connection between the two cups by which the whole of the bearing parts can be taken out without displacing

dead centre amounts to about 25 per cent. of the circular pedal path, it will be seen what a gain the rider has; in other words, it gives an extra revolution of the wheel in every four, so that when the foot on the circular path would have taken 5000 revolutions to cover a certain distance, on the Elliptic it would only have taken 4000. There are several other advantages claimed for this machine, one being that as the dead centre is done away with, back pedalling is most effective. Visitors to the Show should certainly inspect this machine.

The Doolittle Automatic Brake is one of the most important novelties of the Show, and when the Patent Brake and Handle-bar Syndicate purchased the patent they knew what they were about. The working of it is simplicity itself. The rider has only to back pedal, when the brake immediately acts, and only forward pedalling again can release it. There are undeniably many advantages in this brake, and I should not be surprised to see a boom in it very soon.

The Norwich Cycle Syndicate, Limited, exhibit a combined saddle and pump, which can be fixed to any cycle; it is a splendid invention so long as pneumatic tyres are used. All that is required is to fix an air-tube to the valve and raise the saddle up and down in pump fashion. It is easily worked, and seems quite efficacious. It is the invention of Mr. Harris. This syndicate also show a patent equaliser, which claims to do away with the dead centre. I may mention that the cost of applying the saddle-pump to owners' cycles is very moderate indeed.

The Collier Two-speed Cycles Company exhibit an invention for changing the gear by touching a spring while in motion, which enables the rider to apply a higher gear on the level to that used for going up hill or against wind. The many testimonials from those who have adopted the invention speak well for it.

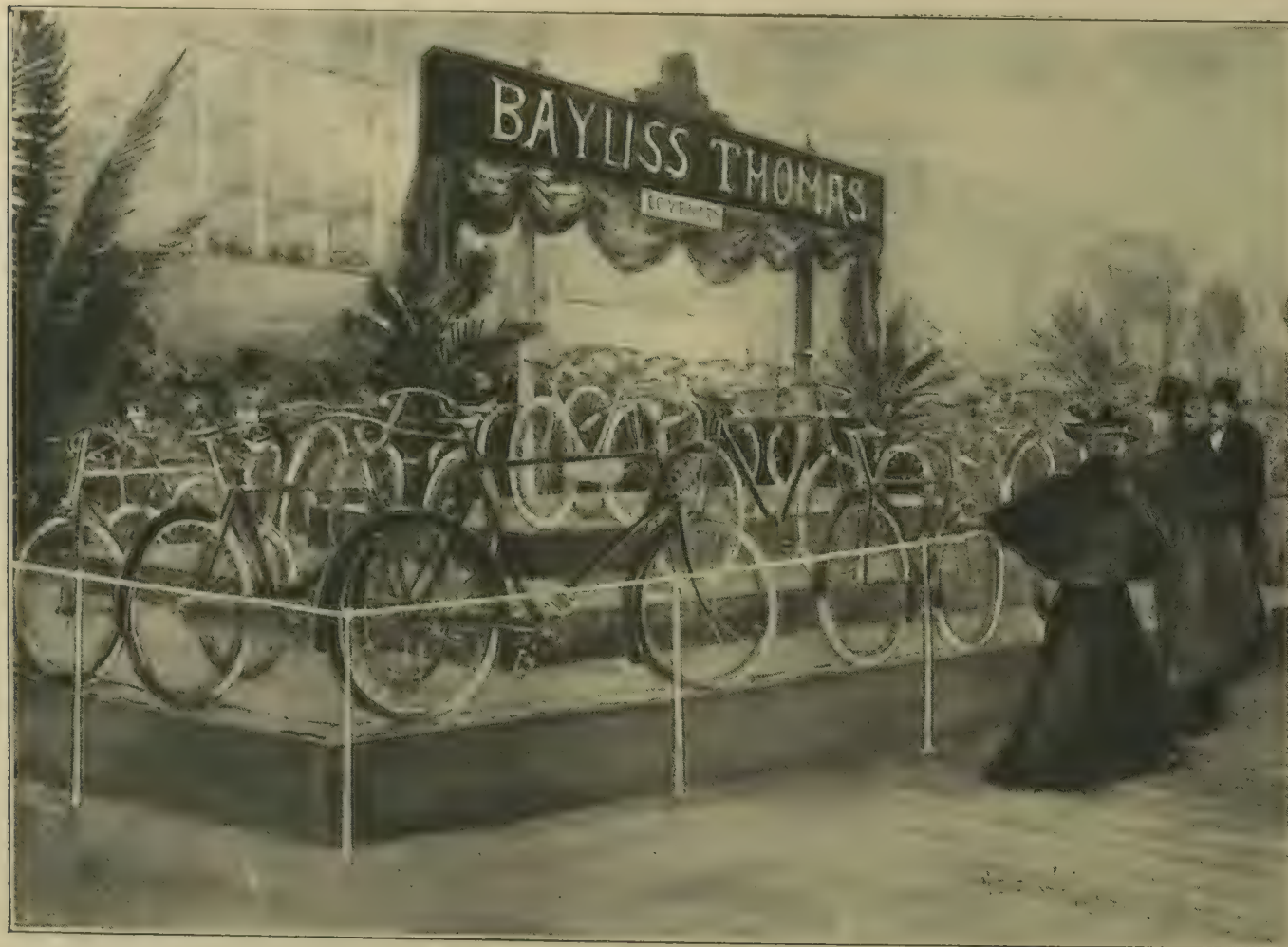
The Fleuss Tubular Pneumatic Tyre is well worth inspecting. It is the easiest detachable tyre in the market, and the easy way in which punctures can be remedied from the inside instead of the outside speaks for itself.

The Bagot Pneumatic Tyre Company show their puncture-sealing tyres, which can afford to laugh at any puncture.

Among other novelties exhibited, besides those on the stands of the above-mentioned firms, I might mention "The Faun Folding Bicycle," as a plaything and for occasional use where rough roads are not likely to jar it. It may succeed, but there are too many joints to please me; it certainly folds up into a very small space. Mr. Esmond

exhibits the Victoria Pneumatic Anti-vibrators, which consist of a pneumatic ball placed under the saddle and handle. A good cycle-stand is shown by Hutton and Co., together with a pump. The demand for these stands proves them to be good. In conclusion, let me advise intending visitors to the Show to go early in the day, or they will not see one-half of the exhibits.

C. H.



MESSRS. BAYLISS, THOMAS, AND CO.'S STAND.

progress of this firm I have only to mention that in 1894 they sold 20,000 machines; in 1895, 21,000; and in 1896, 33,000. One great feature in this firm's make is the use of their patent Helical tube instead of the ordinary weldless tube; this gives greater strength, which, according to the test table, both under pulling and bending stress, comes out at three to one in favour of the Helical

tube. The balls; it is entirely dust-proof and oil-containing. A steering-lock is also added to their new model.

The Elliptic Cycle Company (Peterborough) show what apparently should be applied to all cycles. It is a chainless machine. By the use of the patent gearing the dead centre is entirely obviated, and power is applied during the whole of the revolution of the pedals. As the



THE NATIONAL CYCLE SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: GENERAL VIEW.

LADIES' PAGE.
DRESS.

I am tempted to forswear myself and declare in favour of ermine for day wear. For many months I have considered this absolutely unbecoming in a clear light, and therefore I have relegated it merely to the duty of serving as a lining for an evening coat, but I have just been converted to its midday charms by meeting with that jacket illustrated here. This is made of sealskin with a large ermine bow tied beneath the high Medici collar, and the touch of white on



A MOIRÉ VELOURS DRESS.

the dark fur was most becoming to its wearer. And another white trimming—which is, however, feather and not fur—I have met doing goodly service to a sealskin coat is grebe. A boa of this finished at one side of the neck with a chon of turquoise velvet and at the other with a bunch of violets has charms, while the chinchilla boa treated in the same way may also be recognised as most adorable when further decorated with a frill of lace round the ends.

On little children ermine and grebe are quite delightful, looking their best, without a doubt, when used on cloths of pale blue or sad pink. And a capital ermine bodice which I have seen recently on Hengler's skating-rink, terminating at the waist at the back, was arranged pouch-fashion in the front, over a belt of black satin, drawn through a steel buckle, and boasted in the front a vest made of pleated chiffon, striped with cream-coloured lace, while the sleeves were of the bishop order, made of black velvet, with cuffs of the ermine. This, worn over a skirt of black velvet, lined with flame-coloured silk, made a costume worthy of all admiration; and as ermine bears with it no special warmth, the most energetic skater can comfortably adopt it—always supposing that she possess the money, for it is not very cheap of attainment.

As I have predicted, dark red gains upon us. Most of the folk who are ordering themselves new dresses for everyday wear at this moment choose this colour. Violet appears to have exhausted its charms, and we are tired of dark blue and dark green, so red has its chance. The newest material in this is a thick cashmere, as solid in fabric as a cloth but with a surface of the ordinary French cashmere. This in dark red, braided with black interwoven with gold, looks quite charming made with a sac jacket entirely covered with a pattern of braiding, displaying at the neck and the front facings of grey chinchilla, worn over a waistcoat of soft cream-coloured muslin and lace.

A new model of coat, which is labelled "Paris," and may be seen on many of the leaders of fashion at the moment, has a round yoke in the front, of velvet, cut in one, with a Medici collar lined with fur, the coat itself being of cloth, crossing at one side, bordered with fur, almost covered with a trellis pattern in braid, with the sleeves showing the same trimming, and an edging of fur at the wrists. It is such a pity that we have to meet the same model again and again. It would be a good thing were it possible to have some copyright in clothes, so that when a French dressmaker designs some special style she could give a guarantee to its purchaser that she will not sell the like for a certain number of months. Only the other day was I at a reception when three women, all of them exceedingly smart, appeared in jackets of precisely the same detail, two of them were in the same colour too, of a light silver grey, the third was in dark red. The

feelings of these three ladies when they met each other could not have been pleasant, and when paying an exorbitant price we ought at least to be able to inscribe "all rights reserved" on our costumes. Such policy need not necessarily be pursued for more than twelve months, so that the dressmaker who originally designed the style should not lose all reasonable profits; but in these days, when the travellers from an English house think little of giving thirty or forty pounds for a model cloth dress, some such courtesy should be awarded to them. I speak from the point of view of the woman who buys the model—maybe from the dressmaker's side of the question there is something to be said in favour of the commercial value of a novelty *quâ* novelty. But let me wander away from the land of dreams, where undoubtedly dwells the possibility of securing a style exclusively for ourselves, to come to the land of facts, and chronicle the details of that dress sketched, made of one of the popular moiré velours in ivory white. This has a berthe of Brussels lace with tabs heavily jewelled in emeralds and turquoise, bordered with sable, falling from the décolletage, which is again edged with the sable, the same fur putting in its appearance on the hem of the plain skirt. And let it be observed that the fullness of this is limited to the back; it fits tightly over the hips. All the new skirts are fashioned in this way, and a way it is much more becoming to the English figure than the skirt which is gathered nearer the front. French people, whose hips are far more extensive than ours, may perhaps more becomingly wear the skirt which is tucked from the waist, or gathered from the waist, or pleated from the waist; but we undoubtedly look our best when the outline is more in evidence.

As an example of unparalleled industry, I am anxious to quote a home-made dress I have seen this week made of moiré traced with steel sequins and small jet beads on every watered line. This was made with a bodice of net, closely covered again with the paillettes and the beads, and the décolletage was cut square and showed a hem of white satin and a large bunch of white gardenias at one side. How any woman could have devoted herself for so many hours to working for her own decoration is a wonder, but she certainly achieved a great success at a very small outlay. The white watered bengaline is somewhat unsatisfactory as a foundation for embroidery, the silk and wool in its composition making it too soft. It is better, should anyone be disposed to emulate the example of this industrious lady I have mentioned, that she choose a white watered silk of solid hard texture. But I had quite made up my mind to devote at least the whole of this column to the description of a new hat, and I had almost forgotten to mention it—such is the instability of mere woman! This new hat is made of white velvet, in the toque shape, folded crossways, and the whole of the back is occupied by a group of white gardenias and white lilies. It is dainty to a degree, luxurious exceeding, and warranted, I should think, not to wear more than three days. I met it in the first blush of its youth, and it was very lovely.—PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Truly our Queen has had a wonderfully interesting age in which to live! It must be a quaint experience to see oneself, as she has now done, in "moving photographs"; but in the interests of future generations it is to be regretted that it is not the Queen herself, but only her pony-chair that is "taken walking"; the Czar and Czarina and the Highland attendant moving beside it. There has always been a remarkable dignity about the Queen's way of bearing herself and moving. As the Dowager Lady Lyttelton once put it, "You could not say that she did well, but that she *was* the Queen." Her Majesty's stature would not lead one to expect stateliness, but stateliness is the true word for her mien. It is so entirely unaffected, too; and is so obviously the result of a fine imagination, of the feeling of her position as the great historic verity it is, that it becomes the more interesting. To future times Victoria will be as fascinating to us as is Elizabeth, and what would we not give to be able to see Elizabeth as she looked and moved? One little point in the Queen's demeanour that has struck me, for instance, is that she *curtseys*, and does not *bow*. Facing a cheering mass of her subjects, her Majesty keeps her head quite erect, and bends, in the stately old-fashioned way, from the knee. It is unfortunately the case that, owing to rheumatism, the Queen can walk now but little; so the animated photographs are just a trifle too late to perpetuate such interesting little details of a great individuality.

A few more words about Christmas presents. Messrs. Parkins and Gotto were early in the field with simple "motors" for private use, the one they showed in their Christmas list last year being quite practical for many



Military Band.—Parkins and Gotto.

useful purposes. Encouraged by the success of that production, they have this year brought out a larger and more powerful gas-engine, called the "Invicta." It is entirely of English manufacture, and all parts are warranted of best material and workmanship. To amateurs in many

branches of science it will be found very useful and where light power is required will most successfully fill a gap of long standing. Being manufactured in London, any part requiring renewal or repairs can at once be set right at a nominal cost. The engine is fitted with cooling-tank, brass exhaust-box, pass-taps and regulator; it is mounted on a solid mahogany plinth, the whole forming a most useful and ornamental model. It will commend itself as a Christmas present for a lad having a taste for light mechanical work. Cheaper working models of engines in great variety are also sold at Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's place, 54, Oxford Street. For more ordinary presents for young folks there is a variety of toys and games, the mechanical moving toys and musical boxes combined (such as a military band) being shown in large numbers.

Mr. S. Sainsbury, of 176, Strand (a few doors from the office of this paper), offers very special Christmas presents in two varieties of goods—perfumes and French confectionery. "Sainsbury's Lavender Water," with a reputation of half a century behind it, is the best known, perhaps, of their specialties, and is a really perfect article of its kind, having the full lavender smell and the refreshing and nerve-reviving qualities for which that plant has been known from the days of our ancestresses. Besides this, however, there are other exceptionally good, refined, and unusually lasting perfumes; one called "Rose Violet" is unique and perfectly delicious. Then there are the French fondants, chocolates, and all sorts of high-class Parisian confectionery, put up in ornamental hand-painted and decorated boxes and cases, some of them specially suited to place on the table as dessert ornaments, others serving for handkerchiefs or workboxes when the lovely sweets are gone. Bonbonnières from Paris, from Japan, from the Esquimaux, from English potters, cabinet makers, and art needlewomen are there in profusion, filled and unfilled at choice. Prices and descriptions are given on a printed list, and country buyers by



A SEALSKIN JACKET WITH ERMINE BOW.

post may be sure of good value. Sweetmeats and perfumes may be safely offered by a gentleman to a lady of any age!

"Old paste" was celebrated a few years ago as having pre-eminence amongst the imitations of diamonds, but of late years everything done in this line aforesaid has been dwarfed by the progress of modern invention. Messrs. Faulkner, at 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street, show a wonderful stock of imitation diamond and pearl jewellery, set in real gold and silver, and in designs as good as are those of the real gems at fifty-fold the price.

Messrs. Phillips, her Majesty's potters, are removing from their well-known premises at 175 to 179, Oxford Street, to new and larger ones that they are building in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and are offering the whole of their stock at a great reduction at the old address, so as to enable them to reopen with an entirely fresh stock. As the reductions are very large, it is a favourable opportunity for purchasing a Christmas gift of glass or china. The articles range from the finest specimens of art-ware to flower-tubes and odd cups and saucers, and so on, at merely nominal prices. Slightly incomplete sets of dinner, breakfast, or tea services make special bargains.

Messrs. Lipton of City Road, E.C., make a speciality of parcels of their Ceylon tea at 1s. 7d. the pound. It is grown on their own extensive estate in Ceylon, so the freedom from adulteration is certain; and by avoiding all manner of intermediate market profits they are able to supply a fragrant and genuine tea at the low price named. F. F.-M.



Pearl Dumb-Bell Links at all prices. Pearl Studs from £3 the Set.



Diamonds and Pearls. Lovers' Safety (Regd.) £5.



Whole Pearl and Brilliants, £45.



Jack's Lucky Beans (Regd.) Gold Links from £1 10s. Studs from £1 the Set.



Pearls and Diamonds, £5.

BENSON'S



Enamel and Diamonds, £5.

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

Brilliants, £10.

Rubies and Brilliants.

Diamonds, £5.

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

Corsage Watch, £3 8s.

Sporting Pins, £4 10s. to £10.

Pearl Pins.

Gem Pins.

Gem Scarf-Pins, £2 10s. to £10.

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

Diamonds, £5.

Pearl and Brilliants.

Diamonds, £5.

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

Corsage Watch, Enamel and Diamonds.

BENSON'S BIJOU BOOK

FIRST EDITION—SENT FREE.

Opal, £10.

Diamonds, £3 6s.

Whole Pearl, £1 10s. to £10.

Diamonds, £5.

Enamel and Diamond Centre.

Padlock Chain Bracelets, £4 15s. to £10.

THE ABOVE ARE HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

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Steam Factory: Ludgate Hill, E.C.; and at 28, Royal Exchange, E.C.

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Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,

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ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

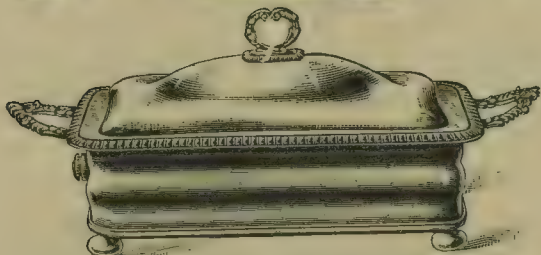
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In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

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Breakfast-Dish, with Hot Water Part and Handsome Gadron Mounts. In Prince's Plate, £1 10s.



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Cut Glass Claret-Jug, with richly Chased Prince's Plate Mounts, £4 5s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £7 10s.



Prince's Plate Full Size Entrée-Dish, Handsomely Mounted, £5 15s. Sterling Silver, £25.



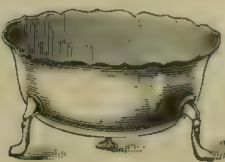
Escallop Butter Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining. Prince's Plate, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £1 12s.



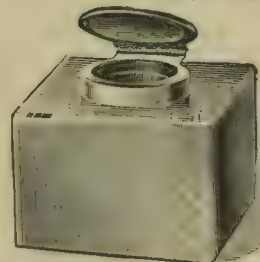
James I. Sterling Silver Cream-Ewer, £1 13s.



James I. Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea-Pot, 3-Pint, £4 10s.



James I. Sterling Silver Sugar-Basin, £1 10s.



Planished Sterling Silver Inkstand, very massive, £4 10s.



Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy; with Panels Richly Ornamented in Relief, 4 1/2 in. high, body 2 1/2 in. square, £3.



Kettle and Stand, with Ebony Handle and Knob. Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.

1 1/2 Pints	£3 15 0	£12 0 0
2 Pints	£4 5 0	£13 15 0
2 1/2 Pints	£4 15 0	£15 0 0



Prince's Plate Egg-Steamer, with Spirit-Lamp, complete. To cook four eggs simultaneously. Engraved, as illustrated, £2; Plain, £1 15s.



Prince's Plate Biscuit-Box, Richly Chased, Oval Shape, £3 3s.



Claret-Jug, Rich Pine-Cut Crystal Glass. Prince's Plate Mounts, £2 15s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £3 15s.



Louis XV. Cake-Basket in Prince's Plate, richly hand-chased, £5. In Sterling Silver, £11 15s.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E. V. TANNER (West Norwood).—You really must give us time. We have repeatedly stated that we cannot answer by post, and that it is almost impossible for a reply to appear here within ten days of receipt of problem.

H. F. W. LANE.—There certainly was a mate in the diagram as sent, but having now destroyed it we must trouble you for a duplicate, which we will gladly re-examine.

EUGENE HENRY (Lewisham). Your contributions duly to hand. They shall receive attention.

W. J. BRESTON (Sunbury).—A problem to mate in three means that against the best defence mate cannot be prolonged beyond three moves. The solution you send for No. 2747 will not do, for if 1. Kt moves (dis. ch), K moves; 2. R to K 6th (ch); 2. B interposes; 3. R takes B (ch), K to K 5th, no mate.

CARSLAKE W. WOOD.—Problem shall appear.

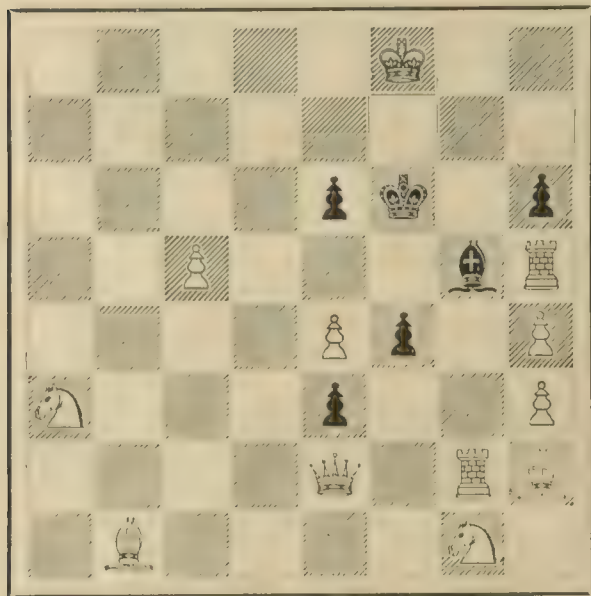
PERCY HOWELL (Brixton).—We are greatly obliged by your kindness.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2741 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2743 from Thomas B. Laurent (Bombay); of Nos. 2744 and 2745 from Huguenot (Baltimore, U.S.A.); of No. 2746 from Hermit, Emile Frau (Lyons); C. E. H. (Clifton), and W. Lillie (Manchester); of No. 2747 from Castle Lea, J. Barritt Clark (Penzance), C. E. H. (Clifton), E. G. Boys, Fidelitas, J. Bailey (Newark), Emile Frau (Lyons), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), P. C. (The Hague), and W. Lillie (Manchester).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2748 received from Sorrento, G. J. Veal, J. D. Moorhouse, C. E. H. (Clifton), E. G. Boys, F. W. C. (Edgbaston), C. W. Smith (Stroud), H. Le Jeune, Hermit, J. Barritt Clark, C. E. Perugini, Oliver Ingela, F. James (Wolverhampton), T. Roberts, Professor Charles Wagner, (Vienna), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), E. Loudon, F. Waller (Luton), J. Hall, Eugene Henry, Castle Lea, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth) F. L. Gillespie, J. Sowden, William D. P. Edwards, J. Lake Ralph, L. Desanges, Bluet, W. David (Cardiff), G. T. Hughes (Portsmouth), E. B. Foord (Cheltenham), F. S. Atkinson (Brighton), Fidelitas, T. Chown, Frank Proctor, W. R. Raillem, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), J. Coad, Frank R. Pickering, R. H. Brooks, Shadforth, George C. Turner, H. T. Bailey, E. P. Vulliamy, Dr. F. St. Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), C. M. A. B. and T. C. (York).

PROBLEM No. 2750.—By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2747.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE.

1. P to B 4th
2. Kt takes P (ch)
3. B mates accordingly.

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, then 2. Kt takes P (ch), K takes Kt; 3. B mates.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played between Messrs. P. Howell and T. H. Moore in championship tourney of the Ludgate Circus Chess Club.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

- | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. H.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. H.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th | Kt to K B 3rd | 17. B P takes Kt | P to K R 4th |
| 2. P to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | 18. P tks P (en pas.) | B takes P |
| 3. B to Q 3rd | P to Q 4th | 19. Q to R 5th (ch) | K to K 2nd |
| 4. P to K B 4th | B to Q 2nd | 20. Q R to K sq | P to Kt 3rd |
| 5. Kt to Q 2nd | Kt to B 3rd | 21. B takes P | P takes B |
| 6. K Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q Kt 5th | 22. Q takes P | Q R to B sq |
| 7. Q to K 2nd | P to Q B 4th | | |
| 8. P to Q B 3rd | P to B 5th | | |
- Black's 6th and 7th moves are strong and embarrassing to White, but here he should play Kt takes B, followed by P to Q Kt 3rd. The text move allows White to institute a strong attack.
- | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|---------------------|--------------|
| 9. B to Kt sq | Kt to B 3rd | 23. R takes B | K R to Kt sq |
| 10. P to K 4th | P takes P | 24. R to B 7th (ch) | K to Q sq |
| 11. Kt takes P | Kt takes Kt | | |
| 12. B takes Kt | P to Q Kt 4th | | |
| 13. Castles | | | |
- Not Kt to K 5th at once on account of the reply Kt takes Kt. 14. B takes R Kt to Q 6th (ch), etc.
- | | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|----------------------|------------|
| 14. Kt to K 5th | R to Q B sq | 25. R takes R (ch) | R takes R |
| 15. Q to K 3rd | Q to Kt 3rd | 26. P to Q 5th | Q to Q 3rd |
| 16. B to K 3rd | Kt takes Kt | 27. P takes P | B takes P |
| | | 28. Q to Kt 5th (ch) | K to B sq |
- Black must now lose a piece. If K to Q 2nd, 29. Q takes P (ch), K to B 2nd; 30. Q to R 5th (ch), K to Kt 2nd; 31. B to B 5th, and wins.
- | | | | |
|--|--|--------------------|------------|
| | | 29. B to B 5th | R to Kt sq |
| | | 30. Q takes R (ch) | Resigns |

CHESS IN MOSCOW

Game played between Messrs. LASKER and STEINITZ.

(Gioco Piano.)

- | | | | |
|------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 19. R takes P | R takes R |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 20. B takes R | R to K Kt sq |
| 3. B to B 4th | B to B 4th | | |
| 4. P to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 5. P to Q 4th | P takes P | | |
| 6. P takes P | B to Kt 5th (ch) | | |
| 7. Kt to B 3rd | Kt takes K P | | |
| 8. Castles | B takes Kt | | |
| 9. P takes B | P to Q 4th | | |
| 10. B to R 3rd | P takes B | | |
| 11. R to K sq | B to K 3rd | | |
- The game follows the lines of the first match up to this point. Then Mr. Lasker played P to B 4th, and kept the piece, with some inconvenience of position. Here the piece is surrendered to save trouble and develop quickly.
- | | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|------------------|--------------|
| 12. R takes Kt | Q to Q 4th | 21. P to B 4th | B to Q 4th |
| 13. Q to K 2nd | Castles (Q R) | 22. P to Kt 3rd | K to Kt 2nd |
| 14. Kt to K 5th | Q R to K sq | 23. P to K R 3rd | Q to Kt 4th |
| 15. Kt takes Kt | Q takes Kt | 24. K to R 2nd | R to Kt 3rd |
| 16. R to K sq | R to Kt sq | 25. Q to K B 2nd | P to K B 3rd |
| 17. R to K 5th | P to Q Kt 3rd | 26. B to R 4th | R to B 3rd |
| 18. B to B sq | P to K Kt 4th | 27. P to Kt 4th | Q to Q 4th |
- A tempting offer, which Mr. Steinitz promptly accepts, but he ought to have
- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 31. R to K B sq | R to Kt sq |
| 32. Q to Q 2nd | P to R 4th |
| 33. P to R 4th | R to K sq |
| 34. P to B 5th | R to K Kt sq |
- Black wins.

Problem by Paul Bernfield. From Newcastle Chronicle.

White: K at Q sq, Q at Q B 5th, B at K sq, Kt at K Kt 5th, P at Kt 3rd.

Black: K at K Kt 5th, B at K R 3rd, P at K Kt 2nd.

White mates in three moves.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 5, 1896), with a codicil (dated Oct. 9, 1896), of Sir Charles Booth, Bart., of Netherfield, Stanstead Abbots, Hertford, and of 35, Cow Cross Street, Clerkenwell, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Nov. 28 by Henry Lawrence Pryor and Frederick Brookes Page, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £1,932,206. The testator gives £1000 to his clerk, Henry Pocock; £500 each to Thomas Stansfield and Douglas Stewart; £250 to John William Pearson; £100 to his distiller, Walter Lane, and £50 each to Thomas Garfoot, — Harvey, and to John Felstead. There is no disposition of the residue of the property, and it therefore passes according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects to his next-of-kin, who appear to be his five nieces, namely, Mrs. Pryor, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Marsland, Mrs. Acklow, and Mrs. de Paravicini.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1887), with two codicils (dated March 9, 1893, and Oct. 18, 1894), of Sir Edward Bates, Bart., J.P., D.L., M.P. for Plymouth 1871-80 and 1885-92, of Manydown Park, Basingstoke, and 14, Cavendish Square, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Nov. 26 by Sir Edward Percy Bates, Gilbert Thompson Bates, and Sydney Eggers Bates, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £819,380. The testator gives £2500, the use, for life, of Manydown Park, and 14, Cavendish Square, and the income of £200,000 to his wife, Dame Ellen Bates; £40,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Norah Graeme Chamberlayne, Mrs. Mabel Stenhouse Thompson, and Mrs. Annie Millicent Nicol; £50,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Gertrude Elizabeth Bilborough, and she is also to have the use, for life, of his house at Edge Lane, Liverpool; annuities of £100 each to his sisters Mrs. Goodall and Mrs. Ledger; £250, upon trust, for poor men and widows over sixty-five years of age, of the parish of Wootton St. Lawrence, Hants; and legacies to persons in his employ. He gives and devises £100,000 and all his lands, messuages, and premises in the county of Hampshire (except the West Ham estate), subject to the use for life of Manydown Park by his wife, upon trust for his son Sir Edward Percy Bates, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. On the death of Lady Bates he gives the £200,000 left, upon trust, for her between his three sons and three daughters, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Nicol, and Mrs. Chamberlayne, and 14, Cavendish Square, upon trust, for Mrs. Nicol for life, and then to her husband and daughter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his three sons in equal shares.

The will (dated March 13, 1873), with three codicils (dated Jan. 26, 1887, March 31, 1894, and July 15, 1895), of Sir Albert Abdulla David Sassoon, Bart., C.S.I., who died at 1, Eastern Terrace, Brighton, on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 1 by Sir Edward E. A. D. Sassoon, Bart., the son and sole executor, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £385,249, and the net to £259,899. It is presumed that these sums only relate to the property liable to estate duty in this country. The testator

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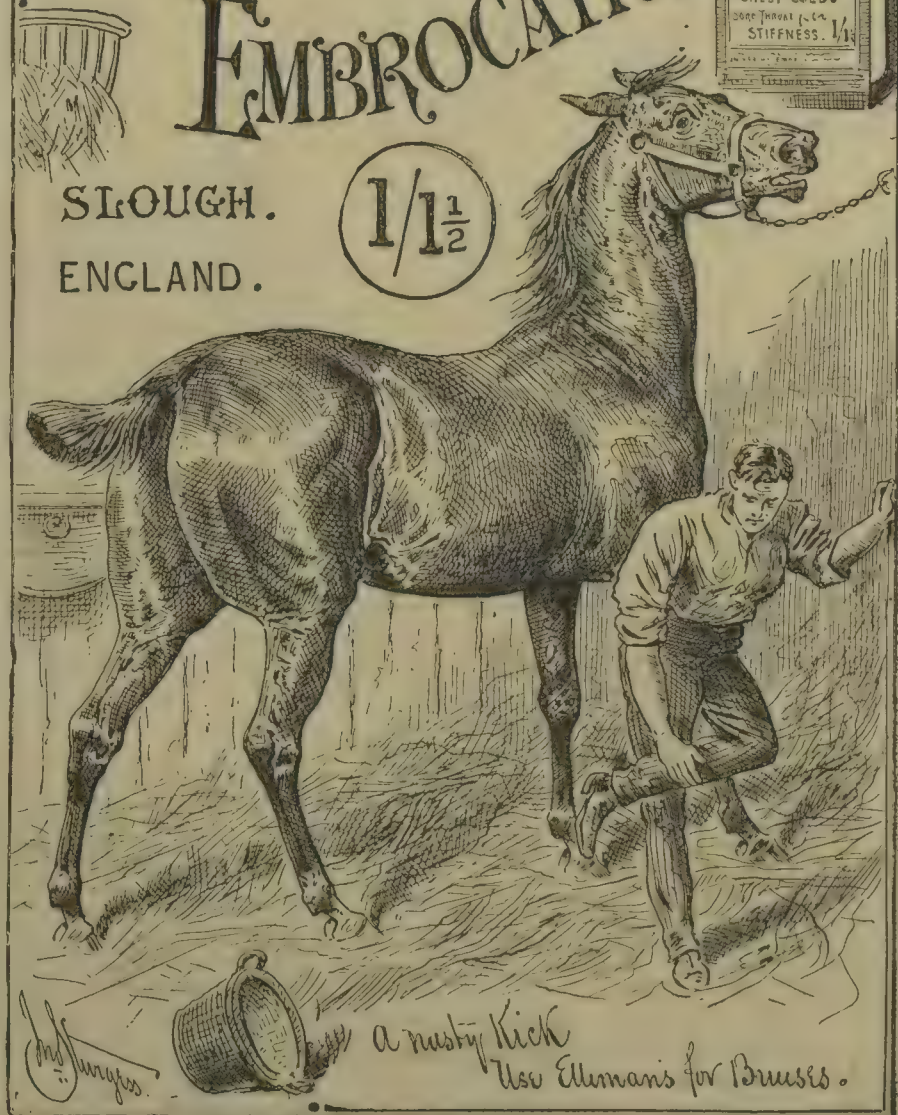
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SORE THROAT
STIFFNESS 1/4

bequeaths £3000 to his said son for such schools and hospitals in England as he shall select, to be divided between them in such proportions as he shall think fit; all his jewellery and personal effects and Rs. 150,000 to his wife; Rs. 40,000 each to his daughters; and Rs. 100,000 to his son-in-law, Aaron Moses Gubbay. The residue of his property he gives to his son.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1888), with a codicil (dated Jan. 10, 1890), of Mr. William Young, of Stanhill Court, Charlewood, Surrey, who died on May 10, was proved on Nov. 20 by John Kirkpatrick Young and William Robertoun Young, the sons, and Thomas Ryburn Buchanan, M.P., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £56,852. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his children, John Kirkpatrick Young, William Robertoun Young, Francis Gordon Young, Violet Isobel Young, and Agnes Christina Mary Young; £1000 to his daughter, Mrs. Anna Wallace Macpherson, he having already settled £4000 upon her at her marriage; and £1000 his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and for life the use of Stanhill Court, and the income of his residuary estate to his wife. On her death, Stanhill Court and other hereditaments and premises in the parishes of Charlewood and Newdigate, Surrey, are to be sold, and he gives four-tenths of the proceeds thereof to his son, John Kirkpatrick, and three-tenths each to his sons, William Robertoun and Francis Gordon. The ultimate residue

of his property he leaves between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1889) of Mr. Frederick Wood, of 48, Lordship Park, Stoke Newington, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Nov. 24 by Mrs. Sarah Ann Wood, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £39,771. The testator leaves all his real and personal property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1888), with two codicils (dated July 4, 1890, and June 28, 1892), of the Right Hon. William Hale John Charles, Earl of Limerick, of Tewin Water, Welwyn, Herts, who died on Aug. 8, was proved on Nov. 30 by Edmund Halbert Elliot, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £28,965. The testator bequeaths £1000, all his jewellery, and all the personal estate, goods, chattels, and effects (except money and securities for money) to which he may be possessed of or entitled to in England, to his wife; and he charges the settled real estate with a provision for his wife and younger children. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his sons other than his eldest son.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1895), with a codicil (dated Sept. 3, 1896), of Mr. John Richard Pickmere, J.P., of Cedar Lawn, Thelwall, Chester, who died on Oct. 9, was proved at the Chester District Registry on Nov. 25 by Mrs. Margaret Pickmere, the widow, and Edward Ralph Pickmere and Travers William Pickmere, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,354.

The testator gives £100, £500, and a conditional annuity of £550 to his wife, and she is also to have the use during widowhood of Cedar Lawn, with the furniture and contents; and the silver trowel presented to him on laying the foundation stone of the Warrington Infirmary to his son Edward Ralph. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said two sons.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff Court of Aberdeen, of the testament (dated Jan. 24, 1887) of Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B., of Belhalvie Lodge, Whitecairns, Aberdeen, who died on Aug. 12, granted to Dame Fanny Myers or Lumsden, the widow, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £27,038 0s. 7d.

The will (dated Feb. 4), with a codicil (dated Oct. 9, 1896), of the Most Noble Fanny Georgiana, Dowager Duchess of Leeds, of 11, Grosvenor Crescent, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Nov. 30 by the Duke of Leeds, the son and executor, the value of the personal estate being £12,669. The testatrix gives her plate to her son Albert Edward Godolphin Osborne, and £1000 is to be held upon trust for him; three pictures to her son Francis Granville Godolphin Osborne; £100 each to Olga Osborne and Emily Cavendish; her pictures and miniatures to her son, the present Duke; gifts of jewels to her daughters, and a legacy to her maid. The residue of her money and securities for money is to be held upon trust for her



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Are you there?

Are you there?

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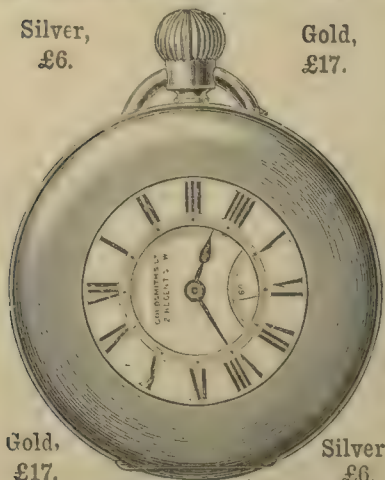


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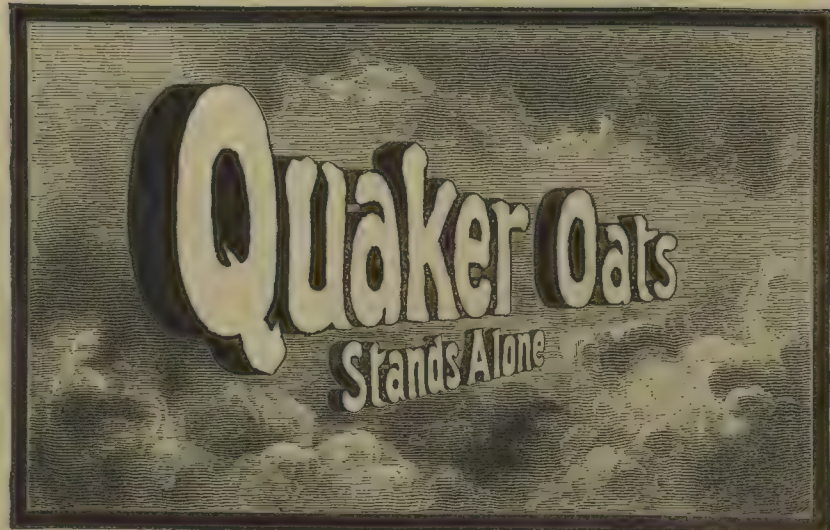
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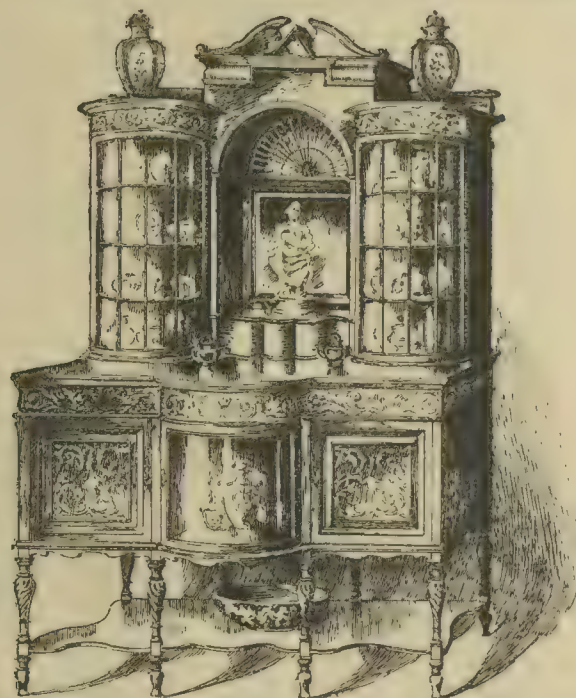




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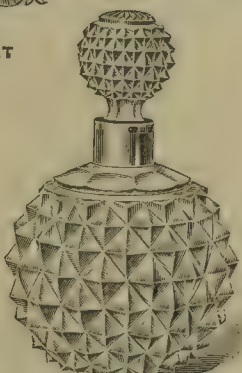


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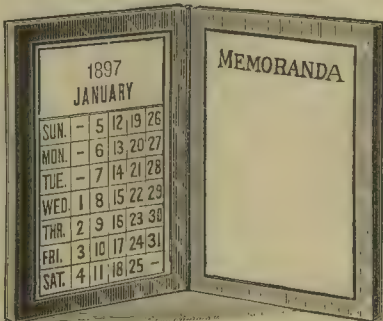
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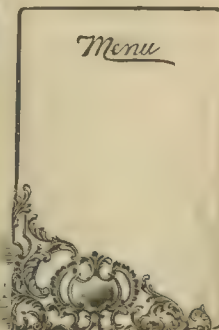
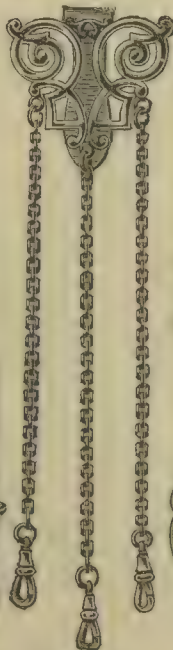
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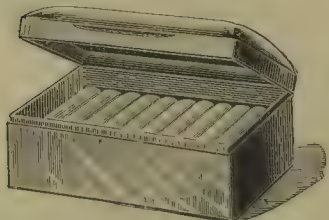
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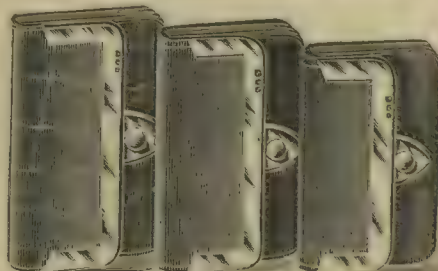
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unmarried daughters and then for her sons Francis and Albert. The remainder of her estate she leaves to the present Duke. She appoints the funds of her marriage settlement to her unmarried daughters.

The will (dated June 11, 1894) of Mr. Frederick Howe Lindsey Bacon Windham, of The Castle, Castlereagh, Roscommon, Ireland, and formerly of Hanworth Hall, Norfolk, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Nov. 26 by Arthur Frederick Green and James Gordon Walls, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,756. The testator gives £2800 to his brother-in-law, Reginald Crossley Batt; £3800 to Arthur Frederick Green; £500 and part of his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Katherine Windham; £400 to James Gordon Walls; £2000 to William Henry Denny, and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Reginald Crossley Batt.

The will of Admiral Sir Richard Wells, K.C.B., of 12, Cornwall Gardens, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Nov. 30 by Dame Augusta Jane Wells, the widow, and Edward Norman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7032. The testator bequeaths £500 and his household furniture to his wife, Dame Augusta Jane Wells, and leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for her for life. At her death he gives such sums as will with any money received from other sources make up £500 per annum for an unmarried daughter, or £700 per annum if more than one daughter is unmarried. Subject to above, he leaves the ultimate residue of his property as his wife shall appoint to his children, and in default of such appointment in equal shares.

The will of Mr. John Finney Belfield, of 32, Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, and formerly of Primley

Hill, Paignton, Devon, who died on July 24, was proved on Nov. 30 by Arthur Belfield, the son, and Colonel Edgar Kensington, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6307.

The will of Mr. Joseph Butcher, of The Bank, Chesham, who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Nov. 21 by Mrs. Jessie Butcher, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £7069.

The will of Admiral Henry Duncan Grant, C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen 18,9-81, of Coombe Lodge, Liss, Southampton, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Nov. 26 by Lieutenant Herbert Charles John Grant, the son, the value of the personal estate being £1559.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In *The Illustrated London News* for Oct. 11, Mr. James Payn speaks of Mr. Stevenson's verses, "Sing me a Song of the Lad that is Gone," and quotes letters from Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Ferrier. The verses, which I first saw some time ago, when they were quoted by A. K. H. B., were then said to refer to Prince Charles. Other commentators hold that Mr. Stevenson was thinking of his own vanished youth—not that it ever did vanish! Miss Ferrier believes that the reference is Jacobite, and as the words were written for her, she ought to know. But either view presents difficulties.

The origin of the piece, as the words were written by

Mr. Harold Boulton in his "Songs of the North," I believe to be this—

Miss Annie Macleod, Mr. Boulton's ally in the book, was crossing to Skye, and had a rough passage. The Celtic sailors were singing something which ran in her memory, and she composed the air to a modified form of which Mr. Boulton wrote his "Skye Boat Song." Now, what song did the sailors sing?

In his "Jacobite Relics" Hogg gives a very curious and picturesque ditty—

Come along,
Come along,
With your boatie and your song,
And you're dearly welcome to Skye again.

Here we read of—

Twa bonnie maidens,
And three bonnie maidens,
And one of them is my King.

So they return to Skye—

With the wind for their way
And the corrie for their hame.

Hogg is not always to be believed on literary questions. He says that he translated the piece (in itself much superior as poetry to Mr. Boulton's or Mr. Stevenson's) from a Gaelic original, by an old Highland lady. Assuredly the song, as given by Hogg, has a very Celtic complexion. Does the Gaelic version still exist? Perhaps some Highland amateur may know the original Gaelic words. I think it probable that *this* was the song the sailors sang in the hearing of Miss Macleod, and that this is the genuine

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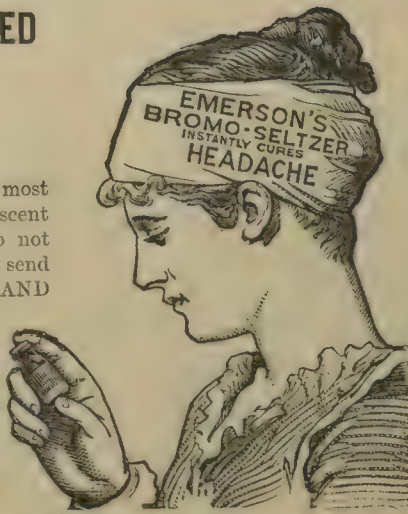
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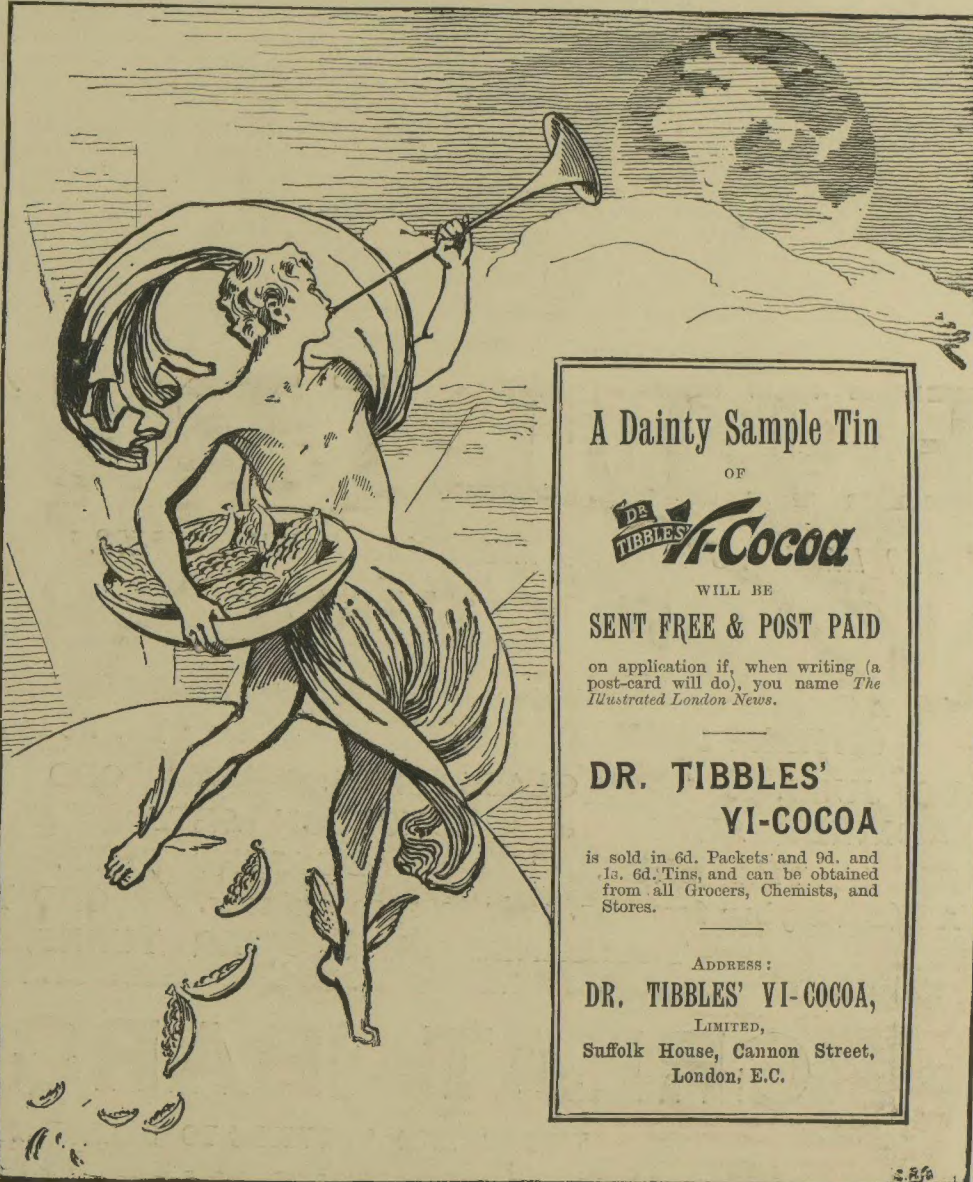
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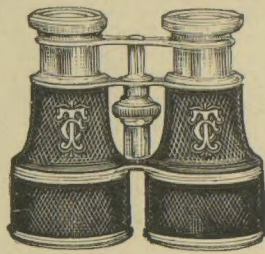
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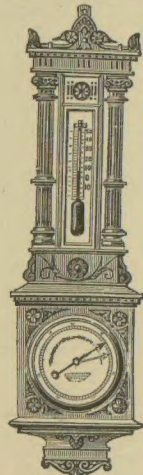
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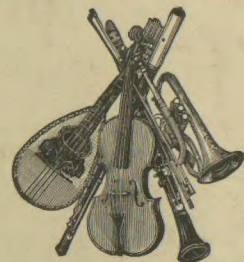
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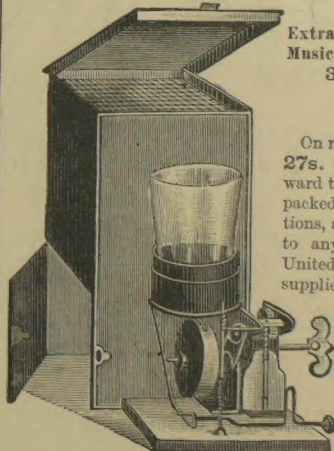
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"Skye Boat Song," whereof an echo inspired Mr. Boulton and Mr. Stevenson.

As to Mr. Stevenson's verses, they certainly do not apply to Prince Charles. He did not, as far as my geography can be trusted, approach Skye by the route which Mr. Stevenson indicates; much less can it be said of him "Merry of heart he sailed on a day, over the sea to Skye." His enterprise was ruined and he was in the direst distress, flying for his life with a price on his head. Mr. Stevenson may not have remembered the exact circumstances, but the little controversy will not be fruitless if it brings to light the Gaelic original (if any ever existed) of the song which Hogg (who had as little Gaelic as Shakspeare had Greek) avers that he translated.

People who take an interest in "Crystal-Gazing," that is in the bright phantasmagoria of waking dreams which some persons can descry in a glass ball, may be pleased by Isaac Disraeli's remarks on the subject. In "Aménities of Literature" Isaac is writing about Dr. Dee, and Kelly the rogue, who for many years saw, or pretended to see, in the "Show Stone" the visions which Dr. Dee painfully recorded. The record was, much later, published by Merie Casaubon.

Isaac begins by expressing total incredulity: "Often by confederacy, and always by a vivacious fancy, these jugglers" (the crystal-gazers) "poured out their several artful revelations." He goes on: "Kelly was a person of considerable fancy, which sometimes approached to a

poetical imagination; the masquerade of his spiritual beings is remarkable for its fanciful minuteness."

It is indeed, as anyone may read in the original. Again, the phantasmagoria described by Kelly exactly answer in nature to the meaningless but brilliant and romantic visions which many living people of character utterly unlike Kelly's can behold in a glass ball or crystal ring. At the Stuart Exhibition two of these harmless seers tried Dr. Dee's ball, and found that it worked very well. One may infer, therefore, that though Kelly was a charlatan, and though "spirits" had nothing to do with the matter, as Dr. Dee believed, yet Kelly really did possess the power of waking dreams beheld in the "Show Stone."

Disraeli insensibly glides towards this conclusion. "Even the imposture of Kelly will not wholly account for the credulity of Dee; for many years after their separation, and to his last days, Dee sought for, and at length found, another 'Skryster.' Are we to resolve," Disraeli goes on, "these 'Actions with Spirits' by the visions of another sage . . . that illustrious Emmanuel Swedenborg, who, in his reveries, communed with spirits and angels? It would thus be a great psychological problem which remains unsolved."

The problem may not be "great"—it amounts to little more than the exceptional power which some minds possess of provoking waking dreams without conscious suggestion on their own part. Whether such a faculty as Kelly claimed

does exist, or not, could only be proved by experiment, which the generation of Disraeli did not care to make. Modern experiment gives an affirmative answer, which, again, adds a curiosity to the topic of "unconscious cerebration."

Knowing nothing of this, and conscientiously abstaining from experiment, Dr. Robert Hooke, "the eminent mathematician," interpreted Dee's manuscript of crystal-visions much as the elder Rossetti interpreted Dante's epic. It was a cryptic allegory. Under these figures of bright incoherent visions and spiritual gibberish Dr. Dee was recording important diplomatic secrets, picked up abroad by him when acting as "Queen Elizabeth's Intelligencer." Hooke deciphered nothing, however, just because there was nothing to decipher. Poor old Dee was conscientiously chronicling, as divine revelations, the illusions that trotted about in the back premises of Kelly's "subconscious self," and the lies which Kelly doubtless constructed on the model of these phantasms. Moreover, as Disraeli remarks, Dee's fantastic diary was begun long before and continued long after Dr. Dee went abroad to act, if act he did, as the "Intelligencer," or Foreign Correspondent, of Queen Elizabeth. Allegory is never the right interpretation of anything except of such professedly allegorical works as "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Here is an anecdote of Dean Stanley's amiable simplicity, "no small part of a noble nature," says Thucydides. The Dean was dining out and was very late

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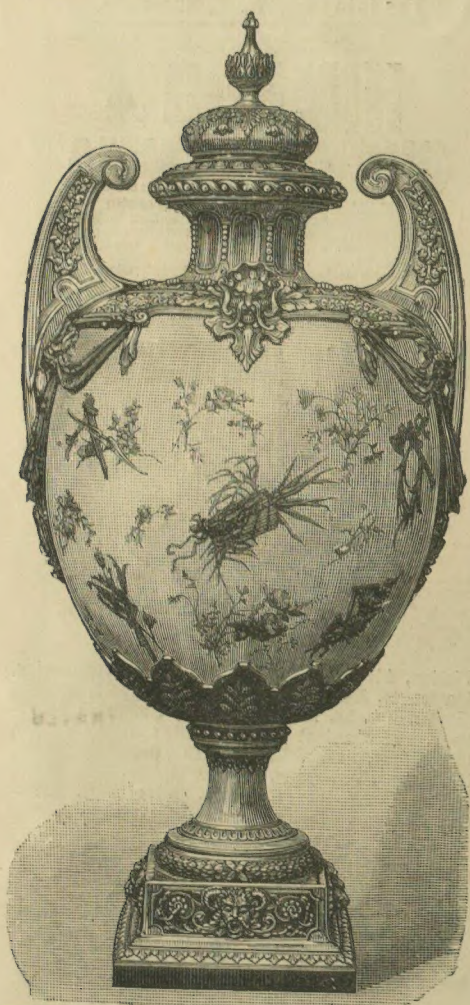
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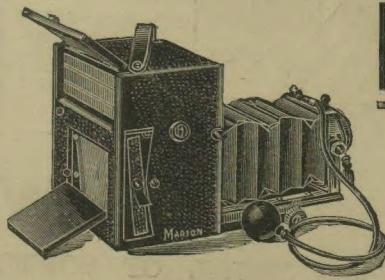
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There is some probability that the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Liverpool, so well known as "Ian Maclaren," will by and by take up a pastorate in London. As Dr. Watson is a brilliant orator, he would no doubt immediately take his place in the front rank of London preachers.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are conducting revival services in New York, and they appear to be as popular as ever. A new departure in connection with their work is that the Sunday edition of the *World* devotes a page to them. Mr. Moody contributes an autograph letter and a sermon written specially for the paper; while Mr. Sankey contributes a new hymn, with music, not before published.

The resignation of the Rector of Birmingham, the Rev. Canon Wilkinson, D.D., vacates one of the most important livings in England. The position of the Church in Birmingham is frequently contrasted with other towns, and not always to the credit of the Midlands centre. But as a matter of fact, the work that is being done by the clergy of Birmingham is second to none in devotion, enthusiasm, and effectiveness. Canon Wilkinson has done much useful service, but he is now in his eighty-first

year, and with that strict conscientiousness which has ever distinguished him, he is making way for a successor. He will enter upon his well-earned retirement amid the sincerest good wishes of the whole of Birmingham.

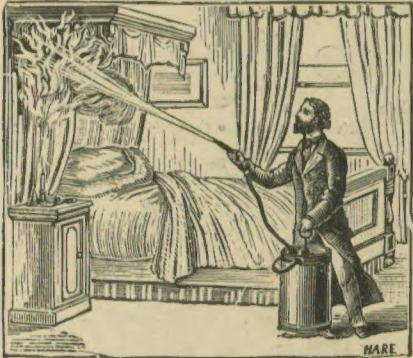
The Rev. F. Winnington Ingram, head of the Oxford House, has been lecturing on Miracles. He said that, alike among the working men in the East End and among the Oxford undergraduates, he found that great difficulties were caused by miracles. He selected as the test miracle the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Compared with this all other miracles were practically insignificant, and nothing short of the fact of the resurrection would account for the starting and continuance of the Church.

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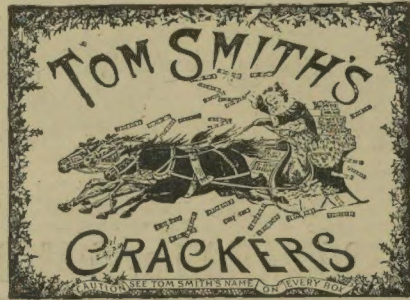
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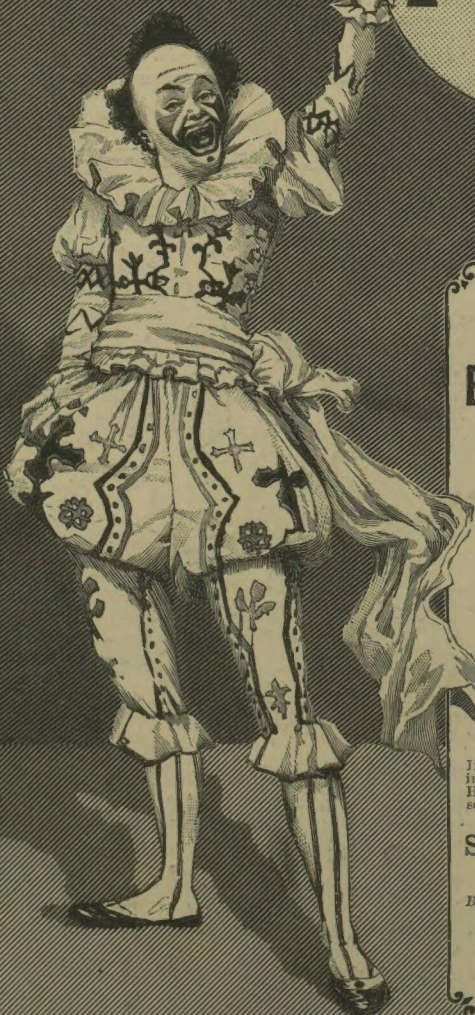
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